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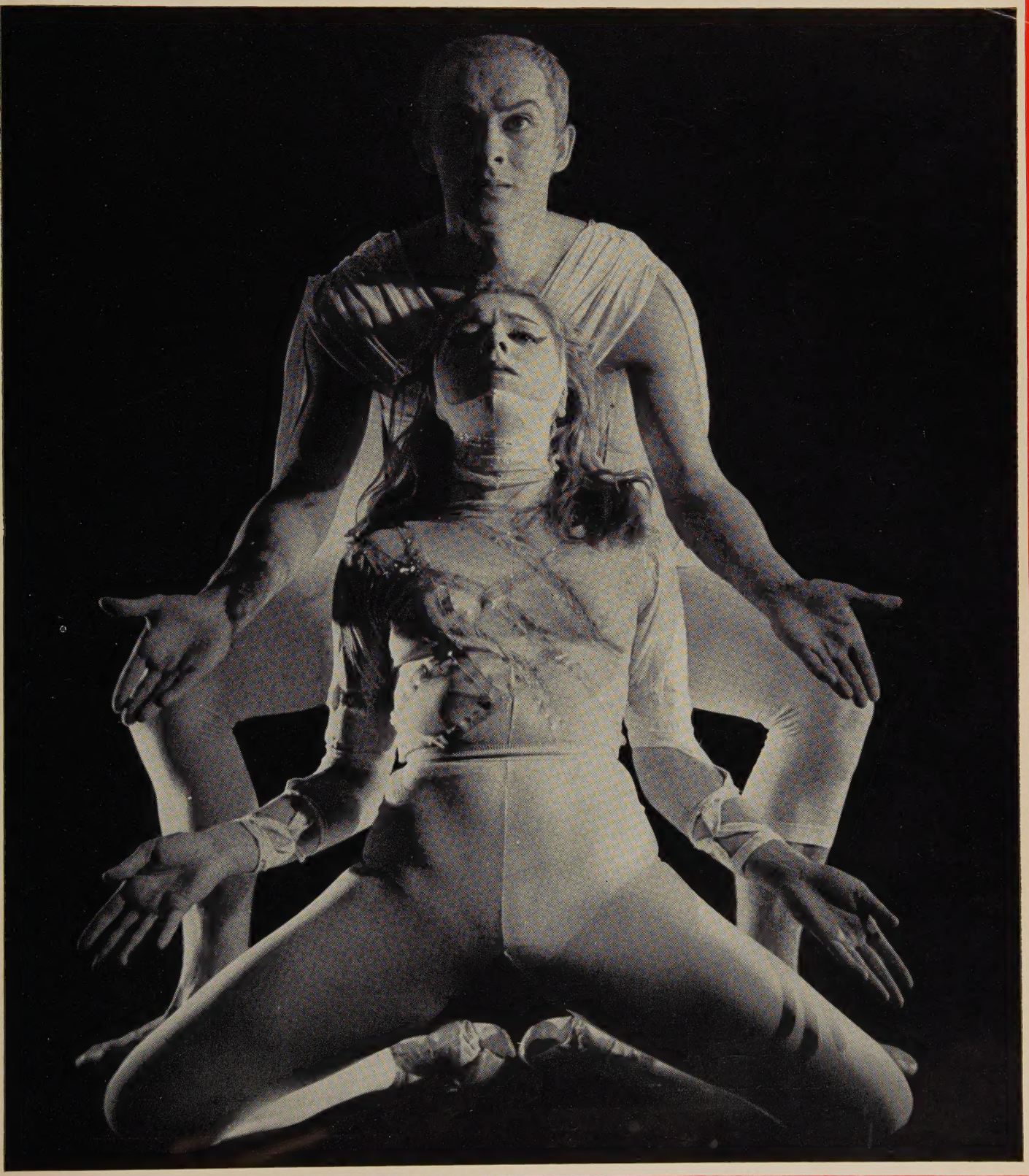

MILORAD MISKOVITCH and MARIE-CLAIRE CARRIÉ

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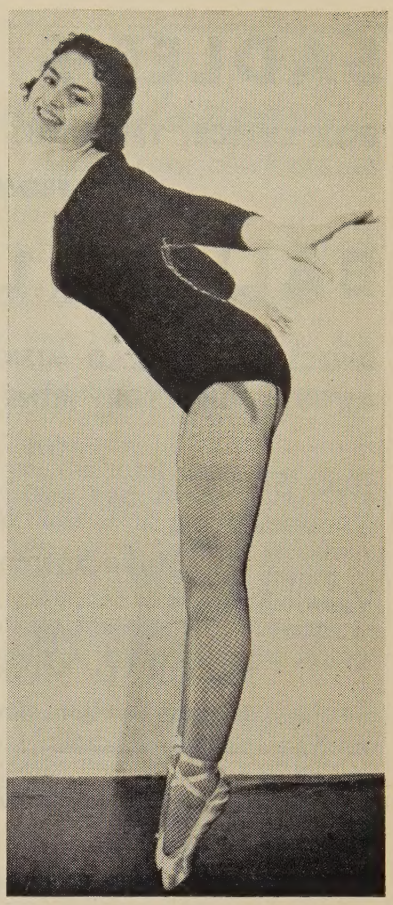

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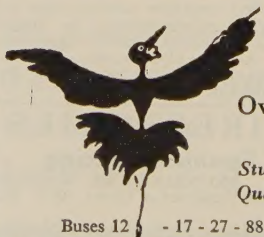

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Personality of the Month

MILORAD MISKOVITCH

TO a male dancer, good looks and the fact that illness has taken a slice out of the most valuable developing months of his career, can often prove fatal. Many naturally handsome dancers are apt to rely on this physical quality to get them by. Miskovitch has overcome both these hazards in a remarkable way. It is because he believes in and lives the dance that he has been able to develop and become a prominent name in the world of ballet and also to lead a company, which though small, has already made a name for itself. Born in Jugoslavia and taught by Kirsanova in Belgrade, he came to Paris in 1946. His teachers there were Preobrajenska and Kniaseff. In the following year he danced in a company and has since been in the De Basil company, the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas and with Roland Petit. It was when he was in America with the latter company that illness struck, but his fight back to the position he now holds has been in the best company — as partner to artists no less than Chauviré, Darsonval and Charrat. As a child he always dreamed of dancing with Markova, and it was she, by engaging him as her partner on international concert tours, who encouraged and taught him as few other people can to become one of the outstanding *danseurs nobles* of today. His fine bearing, his technique and his ability to partner with surety and self-effacement have added grace and dignity to many a ballet stage. These qualities are also noticeable in the work of his company, which Londoners now have the opportunity of seeing at the Sadler's Wells Theatre.

The picture above and also the cover picture, in which Miskovitch is seen with Marie Clairé in Béjart's Promethée, **are by Lido.**

July 1958 9th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 9 No. 7

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Associate Editor:* CLIVE BARNES

Assistant Editor : E. C. MASON

WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

Method and Madness

FOR some years now we have been hearing a great deal about a style of acting known as the "Method". In fact we have seen many of the disciples of this school in films and plays ; I say *seen* because often we have sometimes *heard* little other than a series of inaudible grunts and mutterings except from the most notable of those players to emerge from the New York Actors' Studio. The Method is a tributary of the work of the great Stanislavsky, who brought realism in acting to a pinnacle previously unknown before the Moscow Arts Theatre first opened its doors. Now we have been privileged to witness the source of it all and the visit of the Moscow Arts Theatre to Sadler's Wells is undoubtedly a landmark in the history of the British theatre.

Stanislavsky's method trained the player to subjugate his personality completely and utterly to the part and the action of the play. The player thus became transformed physically and a true inhabitant of the kingdom of the playwright's imagination. These characters live their lives upon the stage and react to situations quite unconscious of a watching audience. A great part of Stanislavsky's training was taken up with the eloquence of movement and the way in which every part of the body has its part to play, as much as the mere speaking of lines. In addition to the playing, Stanislavsky also reformed production to a point of realism that made actors react instinctively — a loud noise was a loud noise and a storm was a storm. All this we saw — and heard — during the Moscow Arts Theatre's visit, and it was a great experience. Much of the same sort of thing we also noticed during the visits of Moscow's two ballet companies — the Bolshoi and the Stanislavsky Theatre Company — to Western Europe.

Although the Moscow Arts Theatre is not a ballet company, it could still teach everyone connected with ballet some of the most wonderful lessons they are ever likely to receive. The playing and the approach to modern works and classics could be immeasurably enriched by a little "Method" as it was originally devised by Stanislavsky. It is no good just saying that this form of approach cannot be mixed with the classical vocabulary — it can. Karsavina in her demonstration-lectures has shown how classical steps and mime can be as eloquent as spoken words if the dancer approaches them with a true understanding of the situation and is determined to live the rôle rather than just dance it.

It is maddening to think how little we learnt from the visit of the Bolshoi and it seems unlikely that anyone in ballet is going to acquire much from the appearances of the Moscow Arts Theatre. England still remains a very small island.

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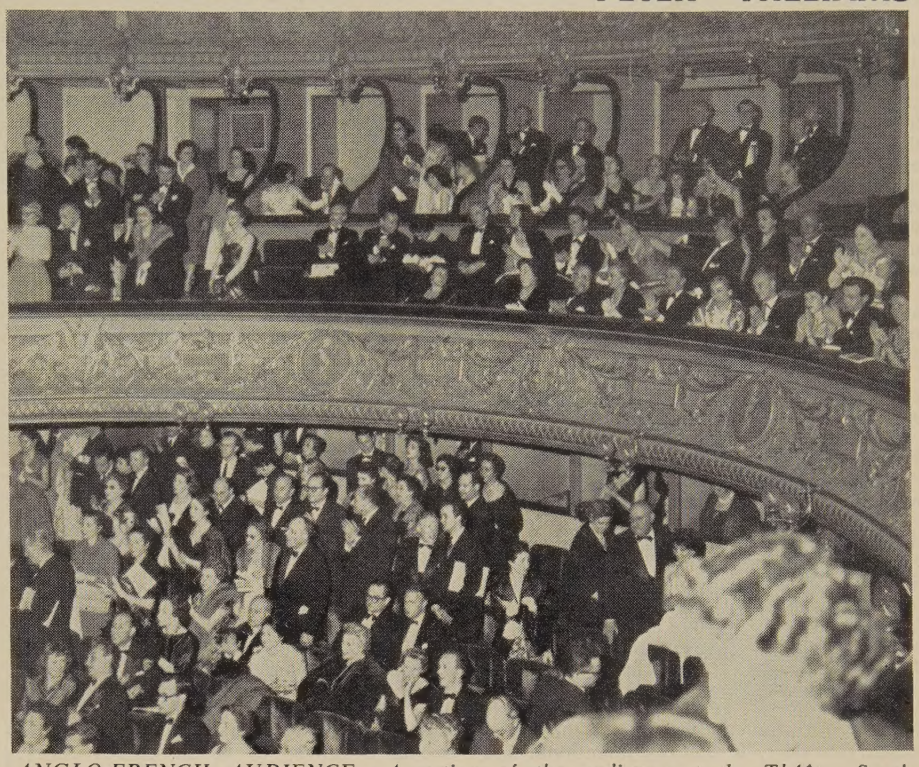
Reviewed by PETER WILLIAMS

Journey with critics

FOR the first time in British ballet history, the English critics were invited *en masse* to see a British company's opening performance in a foreign capital. London's Festival Ballet has, during its nine years of existence, done a number of unconventional things, but their invitation to the critics to attend the opening of the company's Paris season was as far-sighted as it was pleasant. "Just another way of buying good notices," I can hear you mutter. Well, there is nothing wrong in an occasional nod in the direction of critics provided you know that what you have to sell is really good. Where this practice amounts almost to bribery is when you hope to win over favourable criticism for something which you do not believe is one hundred per cent. Apart from anything else, it is, or should be, of the greatest interest to everyone to know first-hand how our British companies fare on foreign soil.

At 1.30 on a rather grey afternoon, the critics, eyeing each other suspiciously, assembled at West London Air Terminal. By the time the omnibus, conveying them to London Airport, had got half-way down the Great West Road, the suspicion seemed to have dissolved and everyone was chatting merrily to each other — some were even so bold as to divulge their opinions on, of all subjects, ballet. However, cordiality went by the board in the usual scramble for window seats on the 'plane. This rat-race is always one which causes me considerable amusement, because everybody adopts a thin layer of "I don't care" façade while quickening their pace to a near-sprint. My legs being longer than most I usually win this race, which I always, quite unashamedly, intend to win, for few things give me greater pleasure than to look down from the sky even if all I can see is a vast mountain range of white cloud.

On arrival in Paris, this critical gaggle was rushed through the customs, bundled into taxis and with much bumping and hooting arrived at the Hotel Scribe, famous as a journalists' hotel and for the fact that Oscar Wilde once lived there. After a good deal of howdy-do about filling in forms and getting the right luggage sorted out, thus avoiding the catastrophe of the *Evening News* coming down to dinner in the *Star's* dinner jacket and pants, it seemed that there were a few minutes to relax. How wrong — twice the telephone rang and an irate voice disturbed the peace of my bath with the demand that I should immediately present myself at the dining table — the other critics had been assembled for some time, I was told, and were already on to the fish course.



ANGLO-FRENCH AUDIENCE: A section of the audience at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt during the interval on Festival Ballet's opening night. Extreme bottom left can be seen Yves St. Laurent and Madame Luling (of Christian Dior). In the next row, Madame and Monsieur Yves Bonnard, and Peter Brinson of the Sunday Times *(in glasses). In the row behind, Maude Lloyd (hand to mouth) is talking to her husband, Nigel Gosling (both combine as Alexander Bland of* The Observer). *Behind them are Eric Johns of* The Stage *(in glasses) with Peter Williams. In the dress circle can be seen (right to left) Lycette Darsonval, George Skibine, Marjorie Tallchief, Milorad Miskovitch and Iréne Lidova.* *Photo: Pic.*

GREAT ARTISTS MEET: Charlie Chaplin went to congratulate Alicia Markova in her dressing room after the performance. Between them is Markova's sister, Doris Barry, and on the right is Oona, the wife of Chaplin. *Photo: Lipnitzki.*

At dinner, presided over by Dr. and Mrs. Braunsweg, the professional obligations of the critics were beginning to creep back on them — the conversation skirted around the subject of ballet and became general. "Julian is so nervous," whispered Vera Braunsweg to me, "he is afraid of the French critics and you never know which way they will turn."

Opposite the source

The Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, bang opposite the Châtelet Theatre where Diaghilev first showed Russian ballet to Western Europe, was in the middle of its annual festival. For several months it is the home of many theatre and dance companies from all parts of the world. For these months it is re-christened Théâtre des Nations. It is a pretty, intimate theatre with a stage frankly more suitable to theatre pieces than to large ballet companies. It was the home of France's great actress, after whom it was named, during the last phase of her remarkably long career. But even if the size is not so good for ballet, the whole atmo-

sphere surrounding the festival undoubtedly is. Both this and the attendant publicity to be gained is worth the few extra feet of stage which might be gained in other Parisian theatres at this time.

The first-night audience, that famous invited "Tout Paris" audience, is certainly not the one I should choose to appear before were I a great star. Star-studded and chic it may be, but its main object is to look at itself and talk about itself rather than anything which might possibly have the effrontery to appear upon the stage behind the footlights. Unfortunately it is an obligation which has to be met and it is an ordeal which every important company has to face up to because that is Paris and that is the way they do things there.

The one person, apart from the critics and some of the French dancers, who was more interested in the stage than in the audience was that great artist, Charlie Chaplin. He clapped heartily all through the evening and showed every sign of honest enjoyment.

To open, Festival Ballet played safe with Fokine's *Les Sylphides*. The *corps de ballet* looked very nicely disciplined and danced with an obvious sense of the Romantic. The *Valse* was well given by Krassovska, though she seemed rather heavy and while obviously realising Fokine's intentions lacked the fluidity and ethereal quality one imagines to be the especial perogative of Sylphs. In the *Mazurka,* Marilyn Burr seemed miscast and far too spikey. Gilpin, as always, danced an easy, flowing and immaculate second *Mazurka* variation. Then on came Markova, as a guest Sylph, to dance *Prélude* and upset the balance of the whole ballet. Obviously it was not intentional and obviously it was the right thing that she should dance something on the opening night of the season, but she just cannot help making everyone else, with the exception of Gilpin, and he is not supposed to be an ethereal creature anyway, look earthbound. In rôles of this kind, no living dancer can match up to her sense of style and artistry. Her *Prélude* is the most evocative poetic sigh that ever attempted to enter a young poet's dreams. After that the ballet appeared to go clumping to its conclusion, yet it was, in reality, excellently and reverently danced. After as much warmth of applause as could be expected from a Parisian audience looking at a forty-year-old ballet, they all trooped out to look at each other and they were allowed a considerable time in which to do it.

Witch Boy on alien soil

The interval, long even for a Paris opening, was prolonged by all the lights fusing back-stage. None of which can have helped nerves and tempers to any great extent as so much depended on the Paris première of *The Witch Boy,* which was one of the main reasons for the critics being invited to cross the Channel.

The Witch Boy, with choreography by Jack Carter, music by Leonardo Salzedo and designs by Norman McDowell, was first given at the Palace Theatre, Manchester, on November 27, and was reviewed in full in the February issue of *Dance and Dancers* by Noël Goodwin. There seems little point in repeating the cast and story here as they are exactly the same as for the Manchester performance.

My first impression of the ballet in Paris was that it was very difficult to see. In the early part of the ballet, vague shapes emerged from the gloom and it imposed a considerable eye-strain trying to discern the various features of the work. So worried was I by this that I determined to see the ballet again before I left, and on second seeing it proved to be an almost entirely different work, so this review is mainly written on the third performance in Paris rather than on the first.

Jack Carter has achieved that thing, almost unique in British ballet apart from the works of Tudor and Howard, a strong dramatic work. One or two weaknesses make it less good than the finest works of either of the other two, even so it remains a work which can hold its own with something such as de Mille's *Fall River Legend.* Strong, meaty drama is something which ballet in Britain has long needed.

Look at the ballet as if you have never heard the Barbara Allen legend and have never seen the play based on it — *Dark of the Moon* — and see how much you will understand. Well, on the opening night precious little, because the scene in which the various characters are established was played in a smog. Even at a later performance when the mountains were less smoky, I still felt that this establishment of character was too sketchy. To the unknowing the reason for Barbara Allen's ostracism is hardly clear and her encounter with the Preacher, though obviously conveying some sort of tension, never achieves the desired significance. A little of this may be due to Dolin's interpretation of the rôle. Of course he gives a stylish performance — he just cannot help it — but I am a little uncertain as to whether it is the right one. It rather lacked subtlety. On the face of it, a drama such as this should be "hammed"; on the other hand, when everyone else is muted I just feel that he was rather out of place — rather like Irving playing Ibsen in the style of a Lyceum melodrama. His movements were too staccato, his eyes were too glaring. Of course he should have been burning-up with religious fervour and suppressed desire for the girl, but how much more effective it would have been if he had given the sense of inward burning-up just concealed with a calm exterior with only a momentary flash of his real feelings towards Barbara Allen. In this rôle I felt that Carter needed a little more production sense so as to give a unity of playing to all the characters. Another character burning-up with horribly righteous indignations was Janet Overton as the Store-keeper, but in her case a bit of hamming did not introduce a false note.

THE BIRTH AND LOVE OF A WITCH: Left, Kenneth Sudell, as the Conjor-man, and John Gilpin, as the Witch Boy, in a movement towards the beginning of Jack Carter's The Witch Boy. *Right, Gilpin and Anita Landa in a* pas de deux. *Photos: Lido.*

The life of the village and its undercurrent having been sketched in, we move to the mountains, where from under the ragged cloak of a fantastic creature (the Conjor-man played by Kenneth Sudell) the Witch Boy emerges. His birth, his feeling for the earth, the way it is almost possible to see new and unfamiliar life starting to course through his veins, amounts to dramatic choreography at its very best. Without an interpreter such as John Gilpin I am uncertain as to how effective it would be. But with him it becomes mighty exciting and from this moment on the ballet starts a new life coursing through its own veins. Gilpin's subsequent *pas de deux* with Anita Landa, as Barbara Allen, is inventive and moving in the way that conveys an awakening of love shrouded in the mystery of sorcery.

Back to the village again and all the company become involved in a stylised form of square dance. The fact that it never has pretensions of being authentic while never appearing to be phoney, says much for Carter's imaginative choreography. This is the sort of dance which Festival Ballet can give with so much more spleen and vigour than could be achieved by any other British company. They all enter into it in the manner born and it brings rousing relief just at a moment when there was a danger of the ballet getting bogged down with too much witchcraft. After that the ballet gabbles to its conclusion. The witch boy becomes involved in the square dance, is struck down by the male dancers, hung and is born again all in a very short space of time. It is in the establishment of its characters and in the final climax that the whole ballet fails dramatically. This is a pity because it only misses being a really great dramatic work by a mere hairsbreadth. Nevertheless Festival Ballet have in *Witch Boy* a most valuable addition to their repertoire, and the ballet has shown Carter to be a choreographer whose development in major works such as this should be watched and tended carefully. That he should have been allowed to work so long outside this close little island is something of which we have not the slightest reason to be proud.

But as well as bringing Carter back into our sight-lines, this ballet is notable for the rôle it gives to John Gilpin — it might almost have made to the measure of his genius. Gilpin once was a child actor and few children have been more convincing and natural upon the stage as he was in the play *The Years Between*. When he was with Ballet Rambert he had several chances of proving his acting ability and his creation of the Rabbit-Catcher in Howard's *The Sailor's Return* will never be forgotten by those fortunate enough to have seen this fine ballet. Since those days, Gilpin's career has been mainly built-up on technical feats, and prodigious they certainly have been, but his other side has been swamped out in endless *pirouettes à la second*.

His Albrecht in *Giselle*, about the only acting part he has undertaken in recent years, always suffers from the fact that try hard as he may Gilpin can never look anything other than a very young boy. As the Witch Boy this youthful appearance was an undoubted asset because these people are always young, at least all the ones I know are. But this rôle is more than just looking a sorcerer's teen-age spiv, it has an enigmatic quality — both attractive and repellent in turn. This boy also has to assimilate the behaviour of a more normal and extrovert world while conveying to the audience that he is still all-witch underneath. As his love for Barbara Allen grows, his supernatural birth loses its grip and he becomes almost human — but not quite. All this has been grasped, mulled over and brought alive by Gilpin in his interpretation. And I doubt if there is any other dancer in existence who could do it so well. Needless to say his dancing, much of which was extremely difficult, was impeccable throughout.

THE DEATH OF DESDEMONA : Nicholas Polajenko, as Othello, and Rosella Hightower, as Desdemona, in Françoise Adret's version of Othello *for the International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas.* *Photo : Lido.*

Even as a young girl, when she first joined Festival Ballet, Anita Landa used to undertake small rôles with distinction. With the years her rôles have increased in importance, likewise her maturity, until today she can give almost any rôle with the style and assurance that comes from dancers brought up in the tradition of the Diaghilev ballet. Admittedly Barbara Allen is a plum of a part for any girl, but any girl could not invest it with the dramatic intensity that Landa achieves. Her red wig has effected a remarkable transformation and it is as if she becomes another person when she puts it on. Apart from a slight weakness in turns, a weakness which she is gradually overcoming, she is a strong technician and matches up well to Gilpin.

Landa plays Barbara Allen as though she was always determined to get the Witch Boy and without much feeling that innocence was ever part of her rustic make-up. This may be just what Carter intended, though I cannot help feeling that a little bit of youthful innocence in the beginning would have made her ultimate surrender to the Witch Boy's embraces more powerfully dramatic.

The rest of the company, as is usual with Festival Ballet, enter into the spirit of it all with gusto and achieve credibility, no small feat for a very British company playing on a decidedly American theme.

As far as I could hear, and the rather blarey orchestra previously made *Les Sylphides* sound rather rumpty-tumpty, Salzedo's score was most distinguished and it certainly managed to capture the appropriate atmosphere.

Norman McDowell's costumes were admirable — simple in silhouette and in rich drab colours which underlined the ballet's mood. Only in his design for the Conjor-man did I feel that its affinity to a Kabuki witch — both in the stylised make-up and flowing rags — took the ballet to another continent many thousand miles eastward. He had an idea there for making a supernatural creature, but, apart from the fact that the rags provided adequate covering for the Witch Boy's birth, it did not quite come off. In Paris, the multiple setting which the lighting should have instantly transformed from village to mountain top, misfired. Most of the blame for this was due to poor lighting, though the fact that the set was obviously intended for a stage far wider than that of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt may have had something to do with it. The "village" side of the stage was well conceived, but the "mountain" side with its conventionally painted rock wings was weak. Both sides were bound together by a cut cloth which vaguely suggested the mouth of a cavern, but, to my mind, the whole setting was ruined by a large scarlet drape suspended across the front of the stage. Even at a later performance when the drape had been slashed to make it more in keeping with the ballet as a whole, its eye-catching red upset the balance of colour throughout the ballet.

Having once been a designer myself, I know that draperies in theatre design invariably hide a lack of invention. The history of British ballet design is horribly swathed in draperies hanging in all directions and of all kinds; this and our fog-bound sense of colour are the main reasons why our designers, unlike our dancers and choreographers, are not welcomed in other countries. Apart from this fault, McDowell's designs were dramatic and in the main served the ballet admirably.

The Paris audience greeted this ballet with a certain amount of warmth which got warmer to the point of cheers from the upper part of the house when the principals, and Gilpin in particular, came on to take their calls. The lower reaches of the theatre, apart from Chaplin and his family, remained mainly frigid.

Twilight in Vienna

It was, I thought a pity to end this opening programme with Lichine's *Graduation Ball*. Paris has never cared much for this naïve work and, for once, I find myself on their side. In the past, I have to admit, Festival Ballet has given some quite rousing performances of these juvenile junketings in a Viennese Academy and on this occasion everyone knocked themselves over trying to bring spontaneous life to it all, but in the end what mild success the work had was due entirely to one person, Diane Westerman. As the pig-tailed adolescent she carried the whole ballet on her shoulders and gave a performance which had many touches of originality. She stands high in the list of the numerous famous artists who have undertaken this soubrette rôle.

After the performance there was a champagne party given in Sarah Bernhardt's dressing room, which was occupied by Markova. Although the reception room of this suite is large, it was not large enough for "Tout Paris" and the whole thing became like the cabin scene from the Marx Brothers' film, *A Night at the Opera*. The presence of Markova and Chaplin in one very confined space brought every news photographer in Paris to add to the confusion. Lifar insisted on being photographed with the stars, dowagers were trampled underfoot, flash-bulbs were exploded in everyone's face and the bad manners displayed by the photographers was quite deplorable. What, you may say, happened to the rest of the English critics? Well, last heard of they were muttering something about going in search of the nudes, while a lady critic openly declared that for herself she preferred to see nude men. As far as I know they may all still be searching.

De Cuevas revitalised

On the following evening I went to see the de Cuevas ballet (now called International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas) at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. The company was nearing the end of a highly successful season. A success partly brought about by the publicity gained from the Marquis de Cuevas-Serge Lifar duel, but mainly from enormous improvement which John Taras has wrought in the company.

This improvement was immediately apparent in the *corps de ballet* from *Le Lac des Cygnes* Act 2, which opened the programme. They were well disciplined and had inherited many features of the Stanislavsky *Lac* which had, I think, been incorporated into the production by Nicholas Beriosoff when he was ballet master. Outstanding was Daphne Dale, previously a soloist with Festival Ballet, as one of the two leading swans. Unfortunately, Rosella Hightower, as Odette, is a too-long-established ballerina to learn new tricks, and she brings what can only be labelled the "American approach" to her interpretation. She can never help being a phenomenal technician, but the deep-seated sorrow which should invest Odette's every movement completely escapes her. She has an unpliable back, a too low *arabesque*, and her *port de bras* is shamefully weak and not one ounce of majesty flowed through her arms. Her partner, Wasil Tupin, is too stiff and formal to be anyone's idea of a Romantic Prince, but he is an excellent dancer and his *variation* was far and away the most satisfactory dancing to come from the principals. The *tempi* from the orchestra was erratic.

The true nobility of Russian ballet came from Nina Vyroubova and Serge Golovine in the *Tarasiana* which followed. This *pas de deux*, to Mozart music orchestrated by Tchaikovsky, was originally created for Hightower and Golovine by John Taras. At the time it was considered to be one of the most technically difficult *pas de deux* in contemporary ballet. Vyroubova and Golovine sailed through it all with tremendous style and such mastery of the technical hazards that they appeared as nothing at all. In their charming white sparkling costumes and wearing 18th century white wigs they looked extremely elegant. Such attention to line and the accomplishment of technical feats without them looking like a circus act is indeed rare on the ballet stages of Paris. In fact it was all as well-groomed as the most perfect pair of thoroughbreds of the Viennese Haute-Ecole.

No pavane for the Moor

The novelty of the evening was the first performance of Françoise Adret's *Othello* to a score by Jean-Michel Damase and designs by Wakhevitch. I wonder why so many people seem to think that Shakespeare's plays make suitable ballet stories. It is all very misguided because the stories, as stories, are not so hot and the plots are so involved that anything other than the spoken word can convey little of their true worth. It is the matchless beauty of the verse that makes them the masterpieces they are.

But if the *Othello* story has to be danced then José Limón's *The Moor's Pavane* with its intrigues and jealousies, confined within the framework of a pavane for four, is about as theatrically effective as anything could be. Adret, like Lifar to whose school of choreography she belongs, has attempted a too literal translation which, in the end, becomes quite meaningless. To see Desdemona — Rosella Hightower in a leotard and a medieval headdress and wimple — embarking on a *grand manège* around the stage as an expression of anguish, is little less than ludicrous. Nicholas Polajenko made a handsome and virile Othello but anything he had to express was achieved by agonised facial expressions and *entrechats*, which, admittedly, he performed beautifully. Georges Goviloff as Cassio also achieved some sort of theatrical impact with some mightly sparse material to work on. Not even the fact that Jean-Michel Damase was conducting his own score did much to redeem what can never have been one of this fine composer's most inspiring works. For a setting Wakhevitch rang the changes on rostrums, half a dozen telegraph poles and an assortment of banners occasionally seen against a cyclorama and occasionally against black curtains. The work had as little to do with Shakespeare as did Lifar's version of *Hamlet* last year, but at least in that work the words "to be or not to be" were spoken, which brought in something that the poet had written, though I don't expect he would have been any happier than I was at them being quoted out of context.

This was no work in which to show the qualities of Hightower, who is no dramatic dancer, nor was it a work, with its banal arrangement of the classical dance vocabulary, to go into the repertoire of an important ballet company.

Continued on page 34

STAR DRESSING ROOM: Alicia Markova makes-up for the second act of Giselle *in the dressing room which originally belonged to the great French actress, Sarah Bernhardt. Photo: Lido.*

PAGODAS *NEW VERSION : Heino Hallhuber, as The Prince, lifting Annette Chappell, as Belle Rose, in the last act of Alan Carter's version of* The Prince of the Pagodas *for the Bavarian State Opera Ballet Company.* *Photos : Rudolf Betz.*
Below : Annette Chappell in the second act in Pagodaland. The pictures also show the new designs by Fabius Gugel.

Munich's 800th Birthday Season

THE city of Munich is about to celebrate its 800th birthday this summer and the festival programme will include, along with opera, drama and concerts, a number of outstanding ballet events, notably seasons of the London Festival Ballet (with Alicia Markova) and of the Bolshoi Company, as well as guest performances of Margot Fonteyn and Beryl Grey.

The Prince of the Pagodas

THE Bavarian State Opera Company presented the German première of *The Prince of the Pagodas,* which, originally scheduled for the end of February, had to be postponed to March 17. After *Abraxas* (Egk) and *Cinderella* (Prokofiev) the Cranko-Britten work was the third full-length ballet to be seen in this city since the war.

This ballet has been so widely discussed in the British press that there is hardly a comment I have to add, and I now fully understand the numerous objections put forth by British and American critics. A fairy tale is, in my opinion, as good in our time as it ever was, and I definitely like the idea of the enchanted Pagoda country, but the response to it will be cool or, at the best, lukewarm, if the story is not told with convincing *naïveté.* This, I fear, is the case with the scenario, and the score did not make me feel happy either, except for certain passages in the first and second acts.

After the curtain has risen, for some ten minutes or so one is anxiously trying to repress reminiscences of Tchaikovsky classics — rather unsuccessfully — while being bored with the *entrées* of the four princes. Then, when finally the plot gets started, one asks oneself: Why was the Emperor conceived as a sort of senile half-wit, for this means no less than stripping the kind old gentleman's domestic troubles of more than half of their human interest?

The ballet was presented with new choreo-

graphy by Alan Carter, but the libretto was closely adhered to. Whatever Cranko may have done with it in his own version — a *pas de six* of eleven or twelve minutes' duration is simply too long, a grand *pas de deux* that plunges, without a coda, into a rather hectic finale provides no climax, and exotic dances, such as those of three of the Princes, will always look awkward to me, at least until our dancers are trained to perform them properly.

The success of the Munich production was due to the clever co-operation of the choreographer and the designer, and to the spirited dancing of the entire company. Fabius Gugel, who had designed the décors for *Giselle* two years ago, created, with his lovely sets, just the atmosphere that suited Alan Carter's talents, especially his sense for dramatic and grotesque effects. Carter's choreography, seen as a whole, was a neat job, and many details were delightful. Among these I would mention the clever use of choreographic "leitmotives" to characterise the leading figures as well as solo and group dances, notably in the second act, culminating in the perfectly lovely scene of the pagoda girls. The *pas de deux* in Acts I and II were interesting, the Prince's variation particularly beautiful.

Natascha Trofimowa scored a personal triumph as Belle Epine. The impact of her dramatic power dominated the first act and Annette Chappell, as Belle Rose, really had to travel to the far-away country and back before she could match her rival sister. Heino Hallhuber, Prince Charming *par excellence*, would have delighted any audience. Joan Harris, Inge Bertl, Paul Wünsch and Hannes Winkler did good work in other solo parts. (In later performances Margot Werner, an attractive and promising young dancer, alternated with Trofimowa.)

Faust and others

ON April 17 the State Opera presented a revival of Gounod's *Faust*. In this production the outstanding feature was the excellent conductor Lovro von Matacic, but it was interesting also from the balletic point of view, because in accordance with the Paris tradition the entire "Walpurgisnacht"-scene was included. The waltz in the first set was hampered by too vast a crowd (chorus, etc.) on a comparatively narrow stage. Alan Carter managed to get through this popular piece of music, obviously an anachronism in that medieval setting, without using a single typical waltz step. The "Walpurgisnacht" was no less than a hit. Hein Heckroth, as always a hundred times more interested in ballet than in the opera, had designed a superb set and some of the finest dance costumes one has seen on this stage. The dances, ingeniously invented and purely classical in style, were well executed by the entire company, headed by Joan Harris, Annette Chappell, Inge Bertl, Margot Werner and Heino Hallhuber (as Faust).

In spite of the fact that the existence in West Germany of too many dance groups (owing to the great number of subsidised lyric theatres), instead of having a few really good ones, is often regretted, I consider it one of Munich's assets that the local Light Opera Theatre has its own ballet company, consisting of a number of qualified soloists and a steadily improving corps. The director of this theatre, Willy Duvoisin, Swiss by birth, is not only a true ballet-lover, but he also manages to make dancing an integral part of his productions, thus striking a new and encouraging note and breaking away from the nauseating use of silly ballet interludes as practised by still too many opera directors. Notable events, from this point of view, were *Csardas Princess* (choreography: Eva Bülow), the waltz, can-can and character dances that Michael Charnley devised for *The Merry Widow* and, best of all, Offenbach's long-forgotten *Street Singers (Le Périchole)*. In this remarkable production, which may without exaggeration he considered the smash-hit of the season, Eva Bülow treated the *Gala Performance* theme with the same spirit and mocking irony that radiate from Offenbach's delightful score. Svea Köller, Annaluise Schubert, Wish Mary Hunt and Claus Zimmermann, as the rivalling ballerinas and the French premier danseur, made the audience roar with pleasure. Another outstanding event was a three weeks' course given by Boris Kniaseff in the Roleff-King ballet school. The personality of this dynamic Russian, who proudly calls himself "Le Maître des Etoiles", proved to be no less fascinating than his much-discussed "classe à terre", attended by some forty dancers. Whether or not the new system is apt to replace the traditional *barre* exercise altogether, one cannot yet decide, but these classes certainly were an exciting experience for all who took part or watched them.

Karl Viktor Prinz zu Wied.

Ballet Theatre Experiment

Last year, Ballet Theatre started a workshop programme which gave a chance for experimental choreography and enriched the company's repertoire. Here is a review of the four new works given this year.

JUST before taking off for their European tour, American Ballet Theatre presented four new ballets by three choreographers at the Phoenix Theatre on April 21. Though this season's offerings were not as large or as varied as the impressive array of works that were mounted under the same conditions last year, American Ballet Theatre must be congratulated for its continuation of the experimental workshop idea which it describes in a programme note as "an experimental evening of new ballets designed to give choreographers and composers an opportunity to work with a trained group of dancers". In this instance, choreographers Herbert Ross and Enrique Martinez had the good fortune to create their new works on the professional members of the American Ballet Theatre Company, while William Dollar was more or less handicapped by having to use the school's "workshop" group.

Ovid Metamorphoses

Choreography by Herbert Ross. Music by Arnold Schoenberg—Opus 16.

"My intention is to tell of bodies changed
To different forms; the gods, who made the changes,
Will help me—or I hope so—with a poem
That runs from the world's beginning to our own days."

THE MIRROR *(left): Michael Lland and Nora Kaye in the new ballet by Martinez for Ballet Theatre Workshop.*
OVID METAMORPHOSES *(right): Lupe Serrano and Michael Lland in a* pas de deux *from Herbert Ross's new work for the same organisation.* *Photos: Martha Swope.*

THE CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS *(left): Joseph Carrow, in the air, and the ensemble in William Dollar's ballet.*
ANGRISMENE *(right): Lupe Serrano and Royes Fernandez in a* pas de deux *from another new work by William Dollar.*
Photos: Martha Swope.

IO AND THE CLOUD
Sallie Wilson
NARCISSUS AND ECHO
Loren Hightower, Paul Olson and Ruth Ann Koesun
DAPHNE AND APOLLO
Lupe Serrano and Michael Lland
THE APOTHEOSIS OF CAESAR
Conspirators ..... Richard Beaty, Charles Bennett, Larry Boyette, Darrell Notara, Paul Sutherland
Calpurnia ..... Jillana Williams
Caesar ..... Leo Duggan
Venus ..... Nadine Revene
EPILOGUE
Cherubim...Carolyn Clark, Rosalie Konrad, Nana Prudente, Eloise Ramsen, Joseph Carow, Lawrence Gradus, William Guske, George Tomal.
The Magi...Charles Bennett, Darrell Notara, Paul Sutherland.

HERBERT ROSS's new ballet was certainly the most noteworthy new ballet on the programme. Though one may wonder why he chose to combine a Schoenberg score as a setting for his Ovidian excerpts, he has, nevertheless, created an original and often beautiful ballet with the material at hand. Again, as in some of his previous works, there appears to be an over-preoccupation with sex as well as a striving for surface effect. I must add that I felt that the five episodes were not linked together in a manner that gave them a cumulative value. However, there was a beautiful section, *Narcissus and Echo,* that was danced by Loren Hightower with Paul Olson as his image and Ruth Ann Koesun as Echo. Likewise beautifully danced and creatively composed was the Daphne and Apollo *pas de deux* for the lovely Lupe Serrano and striking Michael Lland.

The Mirror

Choreography by Enrique Martinez. Music by Kenneth Schermerhorn.

The Woman ..... Nora Kaye
Her Reflection ..... Fredda Maurice
Her Longings:
Force ..... Scott Douglas
Lust ..... Ray Barra, Leo Duggan
Love ..... Michael Lland
Her Shattered Reflection ... *Corps de Ballet*

WITH its large mirror frame set at one side of the stage this work at its outset immediately recalled Antony Tudor's *Dim Lustre,* although choreographer Enrique Martinez obviously had something quite different in mind. Somewhere, too, both Nora Kaye and this promising choreographer failed in getting below the surface mannerisms of the central character. In this instance one wonders whether Kaye imposed her idea of the characterisation on the choreography or whether Martinez was content to create a series of movement clichés from her surface mannerisms. In any event, the result appeared as sort of a *tour de force* containing every emotionally dramatic rôle that Kaye has ever performed, and, at times, it bordered on the ludicrous.

There was a very interesting and satisfactory musical score by American Ballet Theatre's conductor, Kenneth Schermerhorn, and fine performances by Scott Douglas as Force and Michael Lland as Love. Especially noteworthy was Ray Barra, who, with Leo Duggan, portrayed the lustful longings of the heroine. Barra, who has been a soloist in the company for over a year, is a striking dancer, versatile, dramatic, technically very proficient and with an obviously brilliant future ahead.

Angrismene

(The Angry Maiden)
Choreography by William Dollar. Music by Igor Stravinsky—Octet for Wind Instruments

Simfonia ..... *Corps de Ballet*
Theme and Variations ..... Lupe Serrano, Royes Fernandez
Finale ..... Ensemble

The Parliament of the Birds

Choreography by William Dollar. Music by Ottorino Respighi—The Birds. Danced by Workshop Group from the Ballet Theatre School. Ballet based on fragments of Edward Fitzgerald's sentimental translation of the great Persian poem, The Conference of the Birds, **by Farid ud-Din Attar.**

Firebird ..... Barbara Hoyt
Doves, Roosters, Nightingale and the Rose, Cuckoos ..... *Corps de Ballet*

I. "Once on a time from all the circles seven
Between the steadfast earth and rolling heaven
Birds of all natues, known or not to man,
Flocked from all quarters into full divan,
On no less solemn business than to find
The road to a great leader of their kind.
And, proclamation made of silence, each
The congregation of all wings addressed."

II. Up rose Firebird, the Wise, that alone of all the birds the way had travelled.
"And now you want a leader, and I know
Him, and his whereabouts, and how to go:
Who then this travel to result would bring,
Needs have a lion's heart beneath the wing."
When they began to realise how long and painful their journey was to be
They hesitated, and in spite of their good will, began to excuse themselves.
First, the Doves—"Oh you, who with your idle sighs, block up the road to better enterprise."

III. Then came the Roosters, following their Hens' advice—"Arguing, inquiring and excusing . . ."

IV. Then the Nightingale with the Rose—"Oh watering with thy melodious tears Love's garden, why not dispense thy bower of song on something better than a flower."

V. Then, the Cuckoos—"some with one excuse, some with another—endless to repeat, but, in the main, Sloth, Folly or Deceit."

VI. "This was the Parliament of Birds; and this the story of the host who went amiss."

PROGRAMME notes on William Dollar's two new works are appended more as a matter of record than anything else. *Angrismene* was notable only for the fine performance of Lupe Serrano, but elsewhere in neither work was there anything to distinguish these works by veteran choreographer William Dollar. Certainly it is both healthy and necessary for professional choreographers to experiment with workshop groups. In this instance, however, the only worthwhile result apparent was further experience for the dancers. After all, this is one of the functions of a workshop, so one can only hope for better luck the next time. **Arthur Todd.**

We apologise for the fact that Arthur Todd's name was inadvertently omitted as being the critic reviewing Martha Graham's Clytemnestra **on pages 18 and 19 of last month's issue.**

Ballet's Tough Guy

by JOHN PERCIVAL

AS THE BLUE SKATER in Ashton's Les Patineurs. *Photo : Denis de Marney.*

I REMEMBER one summer afternoon, a few years ago, when I had climbed up to the gallery at Sadler's Wells to watch a performance by the Theatre Ballet. It was a routine programme at the tail end of the season, and the house was far from full. I was particularly intrigued by the presence, in the back row, of a group of local schoolboys — real little toughs, not at all the type of patron usually seen at the ballet. Then *Les Patineurs* started, and their admiring comments revealed the secret of their presence there. They had come to see another tough guy — Donald Britton.

Tough Britton certainly is: tough and manly. There could hardly be a more assertively virile dancer, his masculinity clear in every step he takes. Look at the way he begins his variation in *The Angels* : the soaring *grand jeté* and the fiercely aggressive *double tour en l'air.* Or think of his Hussar in *Apparitions* ; there is no doubt, as he bounds on to the stage, that here is a man.

The quality of toughness in his dancing is always present and always has been. It often strengthens even those rôles where it might in theory seem out of place. As the Country Boy in *La Fête Etrange,* the gauche, incomprehending stranger whose intrusion provokes the tragedy, his performance was always taut and unexaggerated, serving to heighten the tension of the ballet. This was true also of the rather similar rôle in another ballet by Andrée Howard, *Mardi Gras,* which he created in the early days of the Theatre Ballet. As if by instinct he avoided the excessive emotionalism which we so often see when the rôle of a romantic young boy is played by one who is himself young.

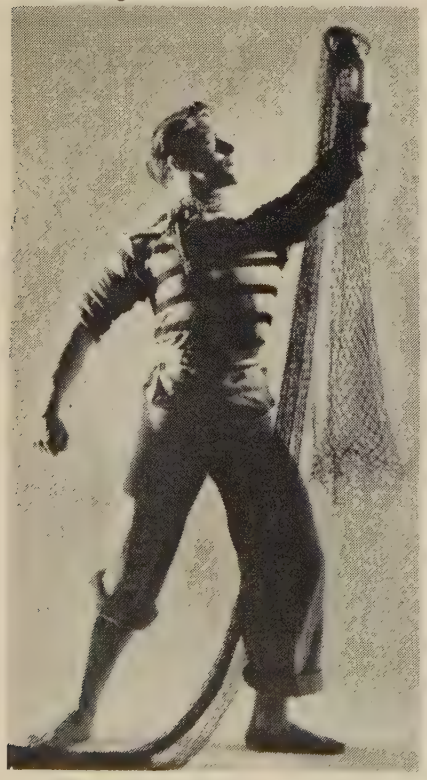
With his innate strength of both personality and movement, Britton was bound to stand out from the beginning of his career. Not that his rôles allowed him to make a very great impression at the first complete performance by the second Wells company on April 8, 1946. He led the peasant dance at the end of *Promenade* and performed the Trepak in *Casse Noisette.* Both were at least plucky attempts at the kind of thing English dancers at that time did not do very well, and showed him to be a better than average character dancer — a fact he proved again, and more decisively, in the pseudo-Spanish dances of *Bailemos* and in the Tumblers' dance in the opera *Snow-Maiden.*

His other parts in the company's first two years revealed that he was something more than this. There were, for instance, his cogent and compelling interpretations in the two Andrée Howard ballets already mentioned. There was a promising Harlequin in *Carnaval* and a surprising *Spectre de la Rose.* There were both the male leads in *Assembly Ball.* Above all, there was Ashton's *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales.*

This was not only the most distinguished ballet the company had mounted; it was also the first work (other than *divertissements)* to be created entirely for the younger members of the company. Britton, Anne Heaton and Michael Boulton took the leading parts, and all showed the musical phrasing, the clean line and elegantly simple style needed for one of Ashton's freshest and simplest (and therefore most revealing) creations. It is astonishing that the work has never been given since the three original interpreters have been brought together again in the same company.

Soon after the creation of *Valses,* at the beginning of 1948, Britton was transferred to the main company at Covent Garden. Here he gave some good and some interesting performances, but never showed anything like the outstanding quality he had revealed at the Wells. One of his first parts

AS THE HUSBAND in John Cranko's Sea Change.



AS THE AGGRESSIVE CHILD in John Cranko's Reflection. *Photos : Denis de Marney.*

at Covent Garden was the Bluebird — the only occasion, I believe, on which he has ever danced this. His partnering was poor, his beats not strong enough, and he slipped at the end of his solo. In spite of this, he showed a fair elevation and an unusual combination of fluid grace and virile fire. He did rather well in the original male ensemble in *Scènes de Ballet* and in a small grotesque rôle in Massine's *Clock Symphony*, but for the most part his new surroundings seemed to have a dampening effect on him.

To some extent he must have missed the easy *camaraderie* of the younger company, and it must have been disconcerting, after being a big fish in a little pool, to find himself back among the small fry. No less important in its effect on him must have been the scarcity of good rôles in the repertoire then for a dancer of his style. It came as no surprise that when he returned from military service in 1951 he went back to the Sadlers Wells Theatre Ballet, where he has remained ever since.

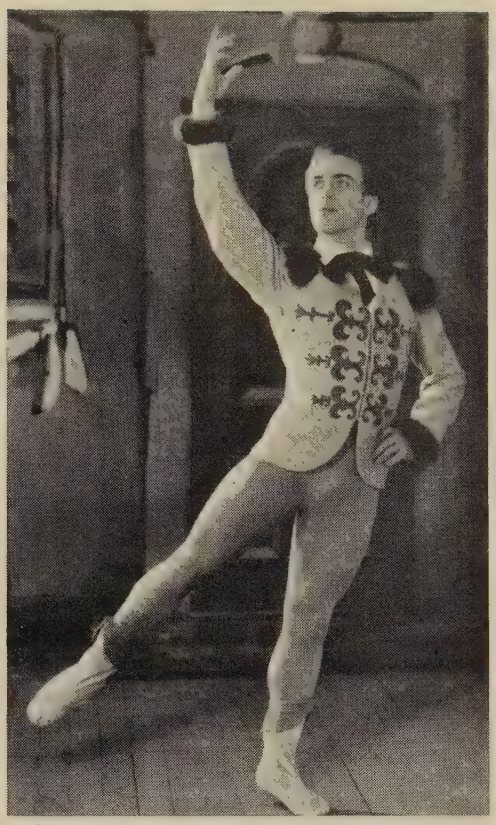
Even so it took him some time to find his feet. There was the early season when he leapt about so heavily that the current witticism was to ask, "Have you heard Britton in *Les Rendezvous*?" There was, more recently, the season when he just did not seem to care about anything. He would give a perfunctory sketch of some parts, clown his way through others, and dance almost everything with a casual off-handedness which could only infuriate those who knew the real merits hidden beneath his manner.

Also, even when on his best form and his best behaviour, Britton sometimes found himself in parts of which he could make little or nothing. He was cast to replace Blair, for instance, as Damon in *Pastorale*, presumably because someone with a strong technique was needed, but he succeeded only in converting the mannered pastoral comedy into a heavy-handed bucolic farce.

Gradually, however, Britton has built up a repertory of fine performances. Of the classics, only *Coppélia* has shown him at his best. His Frantz is friendly and open, charming and very masculine — in some ways reminiscent of Frederic Frankin in the rôle. Among the "English classics" he is a pretty good Rake (although a little broad in some of his acting) and a notable Blue Boy in *Les Patineurs*.

This is a rôle he first danced during his sojourn at Covent Garden. Then he lacked, unaccountably, both the speed and the sparkle which it needs, but there is no deficiency now in either of these qualities. The difference in emphasis between the productions of *Les Patineurs* by the two Royal Ballet companies has been remarked before. The larger company give a smooth finish to the work, while their colleagues of the smaller troupe concentrate more on its rough vigour. It might be compared to the difference between a glossy and a matt photograph. Both are "right", and Britton's performance, although very different from Brian Shaw's, rivals it closely as the best current performance of the part.

There are other parts in the standard repertory which Britton has taken over and given a special quality of his own. As Pierrot in Cranko's *Harlequin in April* he gave an interpretation of very exact sensitivity, balancing humour and pathos, clumsiness and skill to give a full picture of the human muddler who alone continues to hope when higher aspirations have died. Equally good was his Leonardo in *Blood Wedding*. Others in this rôle had stressed a kind of single-minded smouldering passion; Britton made the character more real by showing more clearly Leonardo's relationship with his wife. From the moment they were on stage together one could feel the tension between them, the alert but weary bitterness of partners in a broken marriage.



NEW AND OLD : Left, in Kenneth MacMillan's Danses Concertantes. *Right, as Frantz in* Coppélia. *All these pictures are in ballets in the repertoire of the Royal Ballet II. Photos : Denis de Marney.*

Both Cranko and Gore have created for Britton parts which exploited his natural qualities. The names alone of the parts Cranko made for him are enough to show their nature — the Aggressive Child in *Reflection* and "The Vigorous" in *The Angels*. Gore cast him as a trapeze artist in *Carte Blanche*, looking splendid in spangled white tights and swinging powerfully at the end of a rope. Britton is a dancer who would obviously excel in some of Gore's eccentric choreography, and he actually appeared as guest artist with the Walter Gore Ballet, giving a very witty performance of the Moongazer in *Light Fantastic*.

The choreographer who has made the most of Britton, however, is Kenneth MacMillan. Britton was not in the original Choreographers' Group production of *Somnambulism*, although he gave a strong performance of David Poole's part when the ballet was revived by the Theatre Ballet; and the jazzy *Fragment* which was also given at a Sunday performance made few demands on him. But in *Danses Concertantes*, in *Solitaire* and in *The Burrow* MacMillan has created for Britton three magnificent rôles which he dances magnificently.

MacMillan seems to take for granted Britton's impressive technique — his *ballon*, his strength, control and accuracy in jumps and turns of all sorts. He sees in Britton not just the toughness and aggressiveness but the lightheartedness also, and casts him as a joker. The insouciance with which he performs his *tours de force* in *Danses Concertantes*, the way in which passages of extreme simplicity are intermingled with the exhibition of virtuosity, make the part doubly delightful, both as an exhilarating display of skilled dancing and as a piece of quiet comedy.

For his solo in *Solitaire*, Britton does not leap on to the stage: he explodes on to it, erupting from the wings with an impulsive force which persists throughout the dance, apparently forcing his body to spin, shake, stretch or twist, driving him into vehement leaps over his own outstretched leg until finally it picks him up and hurls him horizontally, headfirst, into the arms of a row of waiting men.

In *The Burrow*, MacMillan uses the same kind of technique, the same staccato timing, to reveal a character, again a joker, whose fun is now misguided, misplaced, and adds its own share of torment to the hell of the frightening and doomed sanctuary in which the ballet takes place. It is a character that lives; he starts by amusing, goes on to jar and grind on our nerves, and ends by winning our pity. Britton never misses a point; never puts (literally or metaphorically) a foot wrong. It is one of the finest character performances in years.

I find it very heartening to see a man like Donald Britton at the head of one of our Royal Ballet companies. He is an invaluable antidote to the remote, effete conception of humanity which at present inspires not only the productions of the old classical ballets on which the repertoire leans so heavily, but also too many of the modern works. Britton could not be remote or effete if he tried. He is always richly, impudently and splendidly alive, always in touch with life as it goes on today. His robustness, even vulgarity, make him sometimes infuriating, always interesting, and at his best magnificent.

Ballet Perspectives: 7

Daphnis and Chloë

by CLIVE BARNES

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE owes its original inspiration to the Greek novel of the same name, written by Longus. The book, probably the most famous of all Greek novels, dates from the 2nd or 3rd century, and has enjoyed considerable popularity ever since. It was first translated into English in 1587, while the latest English version was published as recently as 1956. I have no idea when it first appeared in Russia, but it seems to have been popular around the close of the last century. In 1899 we find Alexandre Benois — that sure weather-vane to the Russian intellectual climate of his day — producing, together with his fellow-students at the university, "a sort of pantomime" on the subject of *Daphnis and Chloë*.

Five years later, the novel came to the attention of a twenty-four-year-old teacher at the Imperial Ballet School, Michel Fokine. The young ballet-master's thoughts were turning towards choreography, and, although it was not to be until the following year he was to produce his first ballet, in 1904 he submitted to the Director of the Imperial Theatres a scenario for a two-act ballet based on Longus's old pastoral. As an appendix to this, Fokine added some explanatory notes for the ballet's proposed production, which, in fact, took the form of a plan for the reform of ballet. The proposals then put forward by Fokine, concerning cohesive unity of conception and total expressiveness of dancing, were the same ideas that were later to revolutionise contemporary ballet, but at that time the seeds fell on the barrenest of ground. As Cyril Beaumont dryly remarked, in his study of *Michel Fokine and his Ballets*, the only positive result of the venture was for the opera singers of the Imperial Theatres to be instructed not to acknowledge applause during the course of the dramatic action.

Eventually Fokine, of course, found a sympathetic ear in Alexandre Benois, and through him met the impresario Sergei Diaghilev, and became associated with the ballet company Diaghilev formed.

There appears to exist some doubt as to when Diaghilev commissioned the score for *Daphnis and Chloë* from the composer Maurice Ravel. Ravel, in his autobiographical sketch, gives the date as 1907, which, if not a slip of the pen, seems remarkable. This was the year that Diaghilev organised his first concerts of Russian music in Paris, but it nevertheless would be strange if the impresario commissioned a ballet score before he had a ballet company. Serge Lifar (in his biography, *Diaghilev)* tends to accept this date, and goes on to suggest that by 1909 the work was far enough advanced for him to stipulate in Karsavina's contract for the 1910 season that among the parts she should dance would be Chloë — in which she was to alternate with Pavlova. Arnold Haskell (in his *Diaghileff — his Artistic and Private Life)* gives the now generally accepted date of commission as 1909 — the time of the Diaghilev Ballet's first Paris season — and cites Walter Nouvel as his authority. It will be seen that this date does not seriously conflict with the clause in Karsavina's contract. To judge from Grigoriev's memoirs, however, it appears that there was no intention of presenting *Daphnis and Chloë* before the 1911 Diaghilev season, and it may be that one of Ravel's biographers, Madeleine Goss (in *Bolero — the Life of Maurice Ravel)*, is closer to the truth when she names 1910 as the date of commission.

STAR PUPIL: Maurice Ravel, right, playing through his score for Daphnis and Chloë, *with his piano pupil, Vaslav Nijinsky. Nijinsky danced the rôle of Daphnis when it was first given at the Théâtre du Chatelet, Paris, on June 8, 1912.*

Certainly in March of that year Ravel had started work on the ballet at Valvins, near the forest of Fontainebleau, and towards the end of the year visited Russia, where he was fêted by the Diaghilev entourage and continued to work at the still far from completed score. The ballet was not ready for the 1911 season and was eventually postponed until 1912. The ultimate cause for this postponement is, as is customary with so many of the affairs of the Diaghilev Ballets Russes, wrapped up in a certain amount of mystery.

Without question Diaghilev showed a lack of enthusiasm for the project that itself belies the theory that he was the prime mover in the work's commission, and all the signs are that it was Fokine who, behind the scenes, was continually pressing for the ballet's production.

In his *Birth of the Ballets Russes,* Prince Peter Lieven throws some light upon the impresario's reluctance: "The scenario . . . did not satisfy Diaghilev. The ballet had to 'feature' Nijinsky, had to be 'his' ballet. In the story, however, the parts of Daphnis and Chloë were exactly parallel and of equal dramatic importance. Diaghilev started to look for different material."

Cyril Beaumont offers a sidelight to this when (in *Michel Fokine*) he suggests that Diaghilev, finding the Ravel score uncompleted, then commissioned Nicholas Tcherepnine to compose the music for another ballet in the Grecian style. This, of course, was *Narcisse,* and according to Beaumont, the scenery used for this ballet was that originally designed by Léon Bakst for the postponed *Daphnis and Chloë.* The new ballet, also with choreography by Fokine, clearly made a better vehicle for Nijinsky, for, as Lieven points out: "The part of Narcissus was central, and round it was built the whole story." According to Grigoriev (*The Diaghilev Ballet, 1909-1929)* Fokine suspected Diaghilev of delaying tactics with *Daphnis and Chloë,* but Grigoriev also makes it clear that *Narcisse* was intended from the very beginning to form part of the 1911 repertoire, along with *Daphnis and Chloë.*

However, it may well be doubted whether it was ever Diaghilev's genuine intention to present two ballets both with archaic Greek themes, both with Fokine choreography, and both with Bakst designs, in the same season. Consequently it may well be thought that the inclusion of Fokine's own pet brain-child in the preliminary plans for the season was far more tentative than Diaghilev himself suggested, and indeed was little more than a stop to keep the fractious choreographer quiet. There is, incidentally, no support elsewhere for Beaumont's contention that the décor for *Narcisse* was that originally intended for *Daphnis and Chloë,* and this, on the whole, appears to be unlikely.

All these off-scene difficulties are significant because they very well indicate the atmosphere of growing tension and mistrust in which the ballet was finally created. If ever a work had a jinx on it from the first to last, that work was Fokine's *Daphnis and Chloë.*

Ravel finally produced the score in time — but only just in time — for the 1912 season. The luckless choreographer soon found himself at the mercy of the insatiable perfectionism of the composer.

As Madeleine Goss says: "The 'bacchanale' at the close took a year to complete, and, even after it had been finished and was apparently ready for performance it was *remise sur le métier*; Ravel saw ways to make it still better, and took it back for further polishing." The tardiness of the composer made it necessary for the ballet to be consigned to the last week of the season, when it was only to be given a bare two performances. This probably suited Diaghilev, as by this time the break between himself and his ballet-master was only a matter of time, and all his interests were centred upon the emergence of his *protégé* Nijinsky as a choreographer. Nijinsky's *L'Après Midi d'un Faune* also received its first performance that season ten days before the Fokine work. Not only did Nijinsky's ballet also have a French "impressionist" score (by Debussy), Bakst designs and a Grecian background, but there were also certain similarities in the choreographic treatment. The clash which the previous year had been avoided, either by accident or design, between *Narcisse* and *Daphnis and Chloë*, this year came about. Furthermore *the succés de scandale*, if nothing else, achieved by Nijinsky's ballet ensured that it completely overshadowed *Daphnis and Chloë*.

The atmosphere at Fokine's rehearsals from the start appears to have been strained and overheated. Ravel's publisher, J. Durand, has left a lively picture of the scene, quoted by Lifar in his biography of Diaghilev: "During rehearsals, violent discussions went on between the author of the 'argument', the choreographer, and the soloist in the main part, Nijinsky, in which Diaghilev naturally participated. . . . They were discussing the choreography, and the opinions seemed diametrically opposed. I do not know who finally prevailed. They must have reached some compromise, but a certain amount of resentment evidently persisted. . . ."

Relations between Fokine and Diaghilev steadily deteriorated. It was quite clear that Diaghilev had by now decided to cast his pilot, and to centre his company in the future upon the furtherance of Nijinsky's choreographic career. Grigoriev indicates the older choreographer's state of mind when he says: "Fokine grew more and more depressed and irritable. Not only did he justifiably resent Diaghilev's concentration of all publicity on Nijinsky, but he could not but realise that Diaghilev was no longer attracted by his work." By the beginning of June, 1912, it seems that Fokine had decided that his position in the Company had become untenable and the only course open to him was resignation. However, he apparently did not take this final step until after the first night of his still beloved new ballet on June 8. Only three days previously, according to both Beaumont and Romola Nijinsky, in her biography of her husband, Diaghilev had wanted Fokine to cancel the ballet on the grounds that it was not ready for production. Fokine pleaded with Diaghilev and eventually finished the work by the astonishing feat of choreographing the entire final dance in only one rehearsal.

The original cast included Vaslav Nijinsky (Daphnis), Tamara Karsavina (Chloë), Adolf Bolm (Darkon), Margarita Frohman (Lisinion), and Enrico Cecchetti (Lammon). Beaumont calls the public reception of this first performance "most enthusiastic", while "the critics were no less cordial". After the performance, by which time the whole company knew of Fokine's decision to resign, a revealing incident concerning a bouquet to the retiring choreographer has been variously described by both Beaumont and Romola Nijinsky. Although these two accounts differ markedly in their salient details, it is agreed that the company wished to present Fokine with a bouquet on stage at the conclusion of the ballet, but were prevented from doing so by the intervention of Nijinsky, who — according to his wife — was acting on the instigation of Diaghilev. So ended, not with a bang but a whimper, the most glorious phase in the history of the expatriate Ballets Russes. It faded out to a background of petty squabbles and adolescent intrigues. It was perhaps appropriate that the ballet which first symbolised the youthful aspiration of Fokine should have marked his virtual swan song with the company.

CHOREOGRAPHER TAKES THE LEAD: Michel Fokine, the choreographer of Daphnis and Chloë, *dancing the part of Daphnis with his wife, Vera Fokina, in the rôle of Chloë.*

It is interesting that 1912 was in some ways the peak of Diaghilev's achievement, and the beginning of his decline. This can be effectively demonstrated when it is considered that sixteen ballets were created during this first period (1909-1912), of which eight have been seen in London since the last war. In the seventeen years of the company's existence after 1912 — the year that saw the abandoning of Benois as well as Fokine — although forty-eight new ballets were produced only six have managed to survive to the present day. Perhaps it is significant that while both Benois and Fokine collaborated with Diaghilev briefly later, after 1912 they never again had any influence in the direction of the company.

In every way Fokine's *Daphnis and Chloë* was an unlucky work. Grigoriev could well say: "There seemed to be some malignant fate overhanging it."

It was not given in London until 1914, by which time Nijinsky himself had broken with Diaghilev, and Fokine had rejoined the company, dancing in London for the first — and only — time. It was possibly appropriate that he made his London début as Daphnis on the first night of the season, June 9. The remainder of the cast included Karsavina (Chloë), Bolm (Darkon), Majcherska (Lisinion), and Kostecky (Lammon). The part of Chloë was later alternated by Fokine's wife, Vera Fokina.

The revival was particularly notable for marking the final public acknowledgment of the rupture between Diaghilev and Ravel, which was never to be healed. On the morning of the ballet's first night on June 9, *The Times* published a letter from Ravel vigorously protesting at the production of the ballet in a "makeshift arrangement". It appeared that Ravel's principal objection was based upon Diaghilev's failure to include the choral parts in the score. The following morning *The Times* included Diaghilev's reply to Ravel, in the course of which he assured the London public that he had made every effort to present the ballet in the "most perfect manner", and added with a suavity almost admirable in its impudence, that it had been "clearly proved that the participation of the chorus was not only useless but actually detrimental". It is perhaps no wonder that Ravel never spoke to the impresario again.

The hoodoo on the ballet persisted. Twice Grigoriev painstakingly prepared the work for revival, but on each occasion nothing came of the project. The ballet was eventually revived by the company in Monte Carlo, when the two principal rôles were taken by British dancers, Lydia Sokolova and, in his first large part, Anton Dolin. It did not survive long after its first performance on January 1, 1925, and Dame Ninette de Valois, then a member of the company, has written that "the revival proved dull".

Continued on page 27

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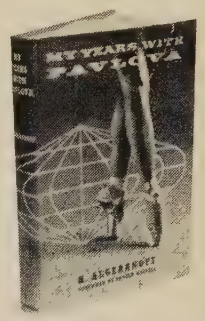

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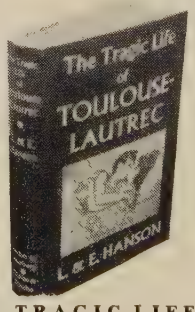

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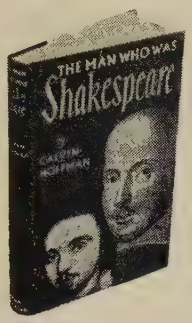

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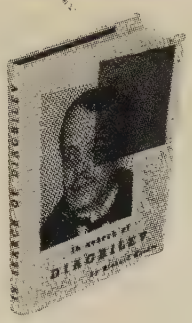
CLUB PRICE (*post inc.*) **7/-**

SEPTEMBER

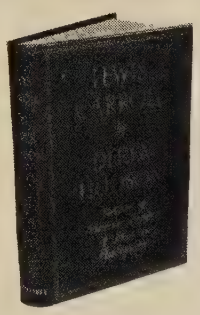


IN SEARCH OF DIAGHILEV by RICHARD BUCKLE. 128 pp. 9″ × 11″. 190 illus. 10 in colour. The story of the fabulous Diaghilev Exhibition and the directors personal adventures in collecting material; stories of visits to old friends of Diaghilev—Picasso, Cocteau, Benois, Kochno, etc., and pictures of celebrated little-known designs for costumes and scenery as well as portraits, caricatures and photos never before reproduced, inc. unpublished letters of Diaghilev.

Published at 30s.

CLUB PRICE (*post inc.*) **12/6**

Optional Extra (A)

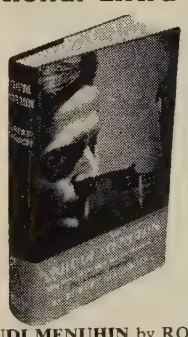


LEWIS CARROLL by DEREK HUDSON. 354 pp. 6″ × 8¼″. 22 illus. Published by Constable. This recently revealed diaries of the author of Alice in Wonderland show him to be as intriguing as his famous fictional characters ; this new biography study makes use of much new material and is written with a frankness and detachment not previously attempted about C. L. Dodgson's highly complex nature.

Published at 21s.

CLUB PRICE (*post inc.*) **6/-**

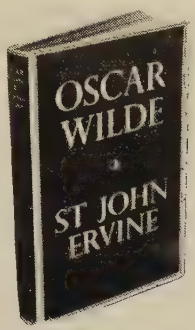
Optional Extra (B)



YEHUDI MENUHIN by ROBERT MAGIDOFF. 286 pp. 50 illus. Child prodigy at eight, Menuhin is at the peak of an astonishing career only reached after years of bitter emotional struggles. This candid books tells the true story of this international musical celebrity. Bernard Shaw said, "Listening to an artist like Yehudi makes even an atheist believe in God."
Hale : 21s.

CLUB PRICE (*post inc.*) **9/-**

OCTOBER



OSCAR WILDE by ST. JOHN ERVINE. 336 pp., 8½″×5½″. If Wilde had not been imprisoned, says Ervine, he would long ago have been forgotten. Wilde's supporters will denounce this new biography which, surveying the whole of Wilde's work and entering into a detailed study of his plays, says Wilde left behind a good deal of rubbish, a few pleasing essays, one or two good short stories, a fairly good one-act play, and a brilliant farce. An important new assessment.

Published by Allen & Unwin at 18s.

CLUB PRICE (*post inc.*) **8/6**

Optional Extra (A)

THE BOY FRIEND by SANDY WILSON. Illustrated by author. 126 pp., 8½″×5½″. Preface by Vida Hope. Introduction by the author. The British "miracle" play of the century, The Boy Friend between book-covers has almost all the charm of The Boy Friend behind the footlights to enjoy again and again in future years. The author's deliciously twentyish century drawings point out the atmosphere in this delightfully produced book.

Published at 10s. 6d. by Deutsch

CLUB PRICE (*post inc.*) **5/6**

Optional Extra (B)

THE WORLD OF BALLET by SOL HUROK. 317 pp. 37 illus. sometimes cutting detail of his The world's foremost ballet mpresario tells in intimate and association with the great names in ballet over 35 years. The fantastic intrigues, failures and phenomenal successes are examined in these entertaining reminiscences of Pavlova, Fonteyn, etc. **Hale : 18s.**

CLUB PRICE (*post inc.*) **8/-**

NOVEMBER

ERICH KLEIBER by JOHN RUSSELL. 256 pp. 8½″×5½″. Illus. Planned and discussed during Kleiber's lifetime this is a full and intimate memoir of one of the accepted great conductors of our age. His recordings rank amongst the finest in the history of the gramophone.

Deutsch : 21s.

CLUB PRICE (*post inc.*) **8/6**

Optional Extra (A)

GARBO by JOHN BAINBRIDGE. 256 pp. 35 illus. A thorough and dispassionate biography of a film legend, from her beginning to her last ill-fated picture and into retirement. How she worked, her contracts with the studios, the men in her life are in this story of the star who wanted to be "let alone"

Muller : 16s.

CLUB PRICE (*post inc.*) **7/6**

Optional Extra (B)

BUILDING A CHARACTER by STANISLAVSKY. 300 pp. Co-founder of the Moscow Art Theatre and for 40 years its co-director and a chief actor. In this important work, invaluable to students and theatre lovers, Stanislavsky, a theatrical genius, gives a fascinating account of his technique.

Reinhardt : 15s.

CLUB PRICE (*post inc.*) **7/6**

THE ASCOT GAVOTTE: One of the most effective scenes from My Fair Lady *in which the ladies at the 1912 Ascot wear elaborate and witty costumes by Cecil Beaton all in black and white.*
Photo: Cecil Beaton

The Lady and the 'Pop' Singer

A comparison of the production and choreography in two musicals—America's My Fair Lady **and Britain's** Expresso Bongo.

by PETER WILLIAMS

TWO musicals — one American and the other British — and the Atlantic Ocean between them as regards to their conception, their only common ground being that both are mildly concerned with "the cold-blooded murder of the English tongue", yet to compare them points very clearly the difference in approach of the two countries to this lighter form of theatrical entertainment.

The American *My Fair Lady* and the British *Expresso Bongo* opened in London within a few days of each other. The British team might say that the American contribution wins hands down because of the enormous amount of money spent upon it. Frankly I don't agree that money was everything and it is only because both have been built-up on so much basic talent that I dare to mention them in the same breath. You might enquire what all this has to do with a dance magazine, but today the dancing in musicals has become a most important branch of the art of ballet, and this dancing has also become an integral part of the general production, so in order to explore the rights and wrongs of the dancing it is also necessary to consider the production as a whole.

THE EMBASSY WALTZ: Another elaborate scene which forms the finale of the first act of My Fair Lady. *In front of the audience an ante-room is transformed into this ballroom by the use of two revolving stages. Julie Andrews, as Eliza Doolittle, is seen dancing with Rex Harrison, as Professor Henry Higgins, in the foreground.*
Photo: Cecil Beaton

Both musicals have the advantage of starting off with excellent books. Not that on the face of it one would think that Shaw's *Pygmalion* could ever supply an ideal plot for a musical comedy, yet Alan Jay Lerner's adaptation of Shaw, both in the book and lyrics, amounts to something as near genius as Shaw's original script. Such a good job has he done that I cannot help but feel that the tempestuous vegetarian writer can scarce forbear a grunt of approval from whatever sphere he now finds himself.

But in its way the book of Wolf Mankowitz for *Expresso Bongo* is no less good. Based on an original story about a young "pop" singer spiv who is discovered and exploited by a seedy agent whom he eventually chucks over to recline in the comfortable and experienced arms of an amorous rich lady, the script has bite, contemporary nastiness and many moments of brilliant writing. It is probably as good a book as ever graced a British musical, though it has a weakness towards the end when the action shifts from the purlieus of Coffee Bars to Majorca and somehow never gets back into the swing of its original setting. I particularly like the way the agent Johnnie was used sometimes outside the action as a sort of Greek chorus. Frankly I think that the entry of Wolf Mankowitz into the field of musicals is one of the most heartening things that has happened for some time, and we can only hope that his scripts, which so sharply reflect our tarnished times, will be used to bring back Britain's lost status in this field.

Both musicals get performances in their principal rôles which they richly deserve. Drury Lane, with many years of outstanding performances to its credit, tops even its own remarkable record in *My Fair Lady*. Rex Harrison, Julie Andrews, Stanley Holloway and Robert Coote could hardly be bettered, and this goes for most of the cast. But then *Expresso Bongo*, with its lip-curling, unlikeable rogue Johnnie in Paul Scofield, its money-grabbing "pop" singing imp Herbert Rudge in James Kenney, who, incidentally, proves that somebody who is not a singer can out-class many of those screaming juvenile delinquents at the top of the hit parade when it comes to singing; these and many others in a large cast bring the Mankowitz rogue gallery to life.

The music also in both shows is memorable and completely apt to their differing periods and environments. Frederick Loewe has achieved a remarkable evocation of *My Fair Lady's* period, which is 1912. Avoiding, as it does, the irritating coyness which so often clings like honey to any reconstruction of this epoch while still achieving a pulse beating out the pace and tempo of today. What David Heneker and Monty Norman have done for *Bongo* has a pulse beating full steam ahead from 1958 to 1959 in its noisy brashness and its moments of bitter disillusionment.

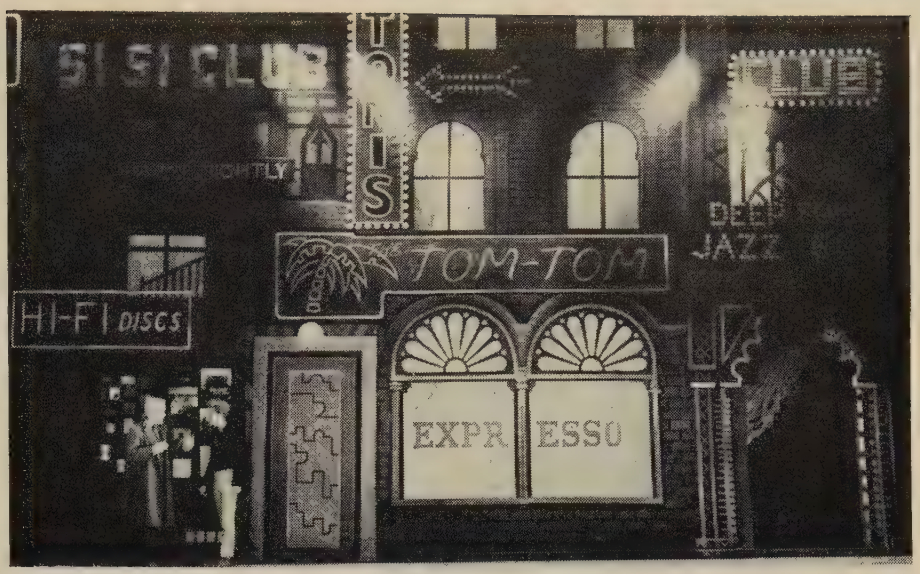
So far, you may say, both musicals seem to be running neck-and-neck, why is it that the British contribution has not yet achieved the international acclaim which greeted *My Fair Lady* after its New York première two years ago? The answer, best belovéd, lies in the production, and this is the point where the great Atlantic Ocean rolls in and separates the two works.

In my thirty-nine years of seeing musicals I don't think that, apart from some of Charles Cochran's shows, I have seen one so well-produced as *My Fair Lady*. Without any question the major part of its success must be attributed to the way in which Moss Hart has welded all the elements so closely together that each complements the other, and that to take away any one would cause severe damage to the whole. From the time man first contrived spectacles for the entertainment of other men on archaic threshing floors of Greece, this is what good production has meant. Hart has dispensed with outmoded ideas of musical production with their "cue for song", their "exit lines", their "bring on the girls", their watertight moments for dancing, singing, comedy and drama. He has achieved a flow and a unity that are, to my mind, unique. He has achieved the miracle of making Drury Lane Theatre, with its vast size, never overpower the scenes with only two or three people — and over half the play is taken up with such scenes. He uses his exits, entrances and his different levels so beautifully that the audience is hardly conscious of the fact that people have come on or left. Nor is it conscious of the fact that it is going into a musical number until about twenty bars later. A notable example of this is the "Rain in Spain" number, which is talked in the beginning with the music softly and perniciously coming in until it bursts out with the full realisation that Eliza has at last mastered the niceties of the English tongue. Again, how tender is the ending of what would in the old-style musical have been a full-scale musical climax to "I could have danced all night" — Eliza exhausted after the day's excitements sinks back on a sofa and the maids come and tuck a rug around her sleeping form.

Hart has balanced the show to the fraction of an ounce — just at the moment when you feel that perhaps you have seen enough of only three people on the stage he swings into a full-scale production number whose length is equally well timed. Hanya Holm has achieved some fitting choreography for the dance numbers, but I feel they would never have been so effective if they had not been dovetailed with such razor-edged care into the production as a whole. I loved the exaggerated elegance of her dancers as they moved like sleep-walkers in their almost static "Ascot Gavotte", and, later, the way they swing-in with the scenery (a most effective transformation this) to the lilting "Embassy Waltz". In the second half of the show the dancers indulge in a good old Cockney rustabout and "Knees Up Mother Brown" type of dance for Covent Garden porters and flower girls. Here Hanya Holm has based her dances on typical coster steps, and the company enter into it all splendidly. Holm, one of America's foremost modern choreographers, has never attempted anything outside the style and period of the play, and in her self-effacement has produced just what was needed. Apart from all this, Cecil Beaton's dresses are some of the loveliest he has ever done, and Oliver Smith, a famous American designer, has bestrode the Atlantic and created some sets which breathe the sooty air of London and the elegance of Ascot more successfully than I am afraid would be the case with our own designers.

Somebody writing about the New York hit, *West Side Story,* said that part of its success lay in the fact that from the moment the curtain went up the show seemed to pulsate. *Expresso Bongo* is the sort of musical which should have done this — but it didn't. The first act, which mainly shows the rise of Herbert Rudge, the young "pop" singer, should have had a throbbing urgency. But William Chappell, the producer, jerks it forward in a series of fits and starts. The musical numbers, which, in this case, should be an integral part of the book, thus become interpolations. I felt that they were there because somebody had a good book and that somebody else had said that the show should be a musical, so music was tacked-on rather as an after-

Continued on page 34



A STREET IN SOHO: Outside the Tom-Tom Coffee Bar where Expresso Bongo *starts. This was one of Loudon Sainthill's most effective settings. Photo : Julie Hamilton*

TEENAGERS BEING "SENT" : Bongo Herbert (James Kenny) gets the teenagers into a state of ecstasy with his singing and playing on bongo drums in the Coffee Bar scene from Expresso Bongo. *Johnnie (Paul Scofield) is seen sitting on the right at the bar. Photo : Julie Hamilton*

STARS OF TODAY, YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW: Left, on the stage of the Champs-Elysées Theatre after the last night of the De Cuevas season, Rosella Hightower and Alicia Markova met Cléo de Mérode (centre). The latter was a great beauty and the toast of Paris until she retired in 1900. She was one of the brightest stars of the Paris Opéra during the last years of the 19th century. Right: Possible stars of tomorrow are the twin sons of Marjorie Tallchief and George Skibine. They are seen in a box at the Opéra Comique watching their father's ballet, Concerto, *with Skibine's parents. Photo: Lido.*

curtain up!

Together again

AFTER a twenty-five year partnership it seemed, a few years ago, that what Richard Buckle once called "that two-headed monster", in other words, Markova-Dolin, would roam the world no longer. In 1951, Markova suddenly left Festival Ballet in Monte Carlo and although her great personal friendship with Dolin has continued to be most affectionate, it looked as though the world had seen the last of their professional partnership.

When it was announced early this Spring that Markova would be appearing with London's Festival Ballet as guest ballerina for the Summer months, speculation ran high — would she dance with Dolin or not? In the beginning of the company's tour which started in Paris, it seemed that she definitely would not as she was announced as dancing with Gilpin in all the performances of *Giselle*. However, one programme in which it seemed that Gilpin would have to dance both Albrecht in *Giselle* and in *Etudes* brought about a change of heart. For not even Gilpin could give his best in two such strenuous ballets in one evening, so the obvious thing to do was to change the programme, with the result that Dolin took over Albrecht at the last moment. Owing to the success of this great ballet reunion, both Markova and Dolin appeared together again in *Giselle* at the Sao Carlos Opera House in Lisbon, and the notices they received from those extremely intelligent Portuguese critics amounted to possibly the best that either has received in their long and glowing careers. I am sure that everyone who admires these two great artists will be delighted at this resumption of a partnership which is possibly the most notable in the history of this century's ballet.

Welcome visitors

WHEN this magazine last month deplored the fact that London had not seen any real foreign ballet company since the historic Bolshoi visit almost two years ago, we hardly expected our plea to be answered so quickly. I am happy that owing to a last-minute change of plans, Miskovitch's Ballets 1958 de Paris is having a June season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. The Ximenez-Vargas Ballet Espanol was announced as opening at that theatre in June, but because the company could not get back from its American commitments in time, the French company has been invited. I understand that the Spanish troupe will be coming to Sadler's Wells in August.

Also as if in answer to our demand for more adventurous impresarios has come Stephen Arlen. It seems that his plans for the future of Sadler's Wells include a number of ballet engagements. As well as the French and Spanish companies, our own Ballet Rambert will appear there in September and several other projects are under discussion.

I hope that Londoners are flocking to see the Miskovitch group, because, as regular readers of *Dance and Dancers* already know, it is a small but very talented group of dancers who appear in works of unusual merit and interest. A friend of mine met one of the dancers, not long ago, at a performance given by another company noted for its commercial success. "Wouldn't you like to have a steady job in a big, successful company like this?" he asked. The reply came at once with heartfelt conviction: "I'd rather starve!"

The stars take a hand

DO you believe in astrology? Can a particular date of birth, for instance, predispose a man towards a successful career in ballet? It seems unlikely — yet it is a remarkable coincidence that no less than three British principal male dancers share the same birthday. On July 27, Anton Dolin, David Blair and Alexander Bennett all first saw the light of day. Perhaps the stars really can influence their earthy namesakes. Ashton should revive his *Horoscope* and put in a new section to celebrate the occasion.

So quiet this wedding

THE Royal Ballet has been responsible for a number of weddings amongst its members, but none has drawn so little attention to itself than that between Judith Sinclair and Peter Clegg. So quiet was their mid-season wedding that few people even in the company, other than their closest friends, knew about it until after the event. I hear that their deferred honeymoon has had to wait until the company's holiday at the end of June.

Apart from their unquestioned value to the Royal Ballet, both have their claims to fame. I found a twenty-five year-old picture of Dame Ninette de Valois on page 96 of her recent autobiography which looks so much like Judith Sinclair that one is almost tempted to suspect reincarnation. As for Clegg, he is one of the very few dancers ever to be mentioned by name in a BBC news bulletin — on the morning after the first night of the *Petrushka* revival in which he had played the rôle of the Moor.

Enterprising Cork

IN 1955, the opera house in Ireland's city of Cork was destroyed by fire. Since then the city has made every effort to raise funds to rebuild the gutted building. Their latest effort is a production of *The Sleeping Princess,* mounted by Michel de Lutry with his wife, Domini Callaghan, in the title rôle. Both dancers know the work from the days when they were principal dancers with International Ballet. Apart from these two, four other dancers and the ballet shoes, I hear that everything associated with the production comes from Cork. This must surely constitute some kind of record in municipal ballet-making, and Cork has set an example which I hope may be followed by other provincial towns.

Parentage of the Wilis

BALLET-GOERS are inclined to regard the Wilis, in *Giselle,* as a piece of folklore about which they have a special knowledge. Recently the BBC gave us an opportunity of learning more about these frighten-

ing, supernatural creatures when they broadcast Puccini's rarely given first opera, *The Wilis*. The heroine proved, surprisingly, to be more like Myrthe, the Wilis Queen, than the mortal Giselle. Like Giselle, however, she apparently only had one parent — in her case, a father instead of a mother. Here at last we have the true explanation of the Wilis' rather bizarre habit of dancing young men to death — like many modern juvenile delinquents, they can blame it all on a broken family background. They are — as *West Side Story* has it — "just depraved on account of being deprived".

Northward bound

AFTER having done so much to reorganise the ballet in the Carl Rosa Opera company, Algeranoff shortly leaves England to take up an important position in Scandinavia. He has been appointed ballet master to the company attached to the opera house in Oslo. Already he is well-known in Norway because he went there as a teacher for a short time early this year. Apart from his usual work as ballet master, he is to choreograph two new works each season. In addition it is hoped that foreign guest choreographers will mount new works on the young and promising company. Algeranoff tells me that he is lucky in that the great soprano, Kirsten Flagstad, is head of the opera in the opera house, and that being very well disposed towards ballet does everything to encourage it in Norway. This should lead to a far happier state of affairs than is the case in most opera houses, where the opera and the ballet are invariably at loggerheads.

Verbal criticism

FOLLOWING the suggestion in *Dance and Dancers* that Sunday Ballet Club should follow their performances by a meeting at which critics and members should voice their opinions of the various works, this enterprising club has immediately acted on the idea and a week after their second programme on June 8, a number of critics met members of the club and also members of the London Ballet Circle and London's Festival Ballet Club at a house in Park Lane. Each of the critics drew a particular ballet to be criticised out of a hat and when the critic had aired his views, the ballet was open to a discussion which was finally summed-up by the Chairman, Cyril Beaumont.

This seems to open up the way to an entirely new and more constructive form of ballet criticism. The fact that the choreographers in question were also present is an admirable way of bringing the artists and their critics face to face. This is an idea that large professional companies might well adopt to the benefit of all concerned. It might also put a curb on a practice, most noticeable of late, in which critics voice their opinion of a work to their friends and most audibly in theatres and then write something expressing an opinion which is the diametrically opposite.

Stravinsky preview

SO much has been heard about the music for Stravinsky's most recent ballet, *Agon*, which Kenneth MacMillan will create at Covent Garden during the Royal Ballet's August season, yet few people in England have heard the score apart from those who have managed to get the record from America. Considering the importance of this score, I was deeply grateful to John Minchinton, the conductor, for arranging that the London Bach Group should play it at a Collegium Musicum Londinii concert on May 21. A very distinguished audience — ballet people, as usual with such events, being noticeably absent — gathered together in the Festival Hall at 11 p.m., undeterred by either the late hour or the bus strike. This fine and beautifully-played score seems to have flummoxed many of the audience, who went to any length short of openly confessing that they were rather at sea with the whole thing. Let us hope that critics and audience can have further opportunities of acquainting themselves with this complex though fascinating music before the ballet has its first night.

Incidentally, John Cranko, who was announced as mounting *Agon* for Milan's Theatro alla Scala, never did it. Instead he is putting on Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* with Carla Fracci as Juliet. Mario Pistoni as Romeo, and Lord and Lady Capulet played by Luibov Tchernicheva and Serge Grigoriev. Cranko told me he was thrilled with the Italian artists and that the Grigorievs were quite wonderful in their respective rôles.

Pavlova commemorated

DO you remember the midnight gala that was held at the now sadly defunct Stoll Theatre over two years ago to commemorate the quarter-century since the death of Anna Pavlova? The profits from that notable occasion have been in the hands of the Pavlova Commemoration Committee, who have been dealing with it so that the money shall provide the best possible memorial to the great ballerina. One good cause which has recently benefited from this has been the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital, a cause very close to Pavlova's heart, who at the beginning of May received a cheque for £500 towards the endowment of a bed in Pavlova's name. The committee has also been responsible for a library in the Westminster Central Library, and the enormous number of books on the dance now contributed has already been greatly appreciated by students and lovers of the dance. In the near future a statuette, most beautifully copied in bronze from one of Pavlova's own statuettes, will be presented to the Royal Ballet to be placed in the Covent Garden Opera House as a permanent memorial in the theatre where she danced.

The Borough of Hendon has also played its part, for as well as organising an exhibition during May and June, it has also placed a plaque on the walls of Pavlova's home, Ivy House, which is now part of the Manor House Hospital. This was unveiled by Alderman Arridge, the Mayor of Hendon, on April 25.

happy birthday to...

		July
Alexis Rassine		26
Caroline Fey	Ballet Rambert	26
Stella Farrance	Royal Ballet I	26
Anton Dolin	London's Festival Ballet	27
Alexander Bennett	Royal Ballet II	27
David Blair	Royal Ballet I	27
Jacques d'Amboise	New York City Ballet	28
Valerie Lyon	Canadian National Ballet	31
		August
Susan Borree	American Ballet Theatre	2
Georgina Parkinson	Royal Ballet I	4
Jacqueline Irvings.	Canadian National Ballet	4
Doreen Tempest	Chicago Opera Ballet	4
Howard Meadows	Canadian National Ballet	5
Betty Oliphant	Canadian National Ballet	5
Leslie Edwards	Royal Ballet I	7
Richard Adama	Vienna Opera Ballet	8
Beverley Banfield	Canadian Nationl Ballet	8
Jack Carter	Choreographer in England	8
Ronald Plaisted	Royal Ballet I	9
Georges Goviloff	De Cuevas International Ballet	10
Sigurd Leeder	Teaching in London	14
Anne Rowse	London's Festival Ballet	15
John Cranko	Choreographer in England	15
Margaret Hill	Royal Ballet I	16
Michael Lland	American Ballet Theatre	17
Donald Britton	Royal Ballet II	17
Alfred Rodrigues	Choreographer in England	18
Donald MacLeary	Royal Ballet	22

Dancer You Will Know

In THE BURROW. *Photo: Roy Round.*

LYNN SEYMOUR

BORN Wainwright, Alberta, in 1939. Started to dance in Vancouver, B.C., with Jean Jepson, and later studied with Nicolai Svetlanoff. Auditioned for the Royal Ballet School in Vancouver in 1953, and came to England to join the School in September, 1954. After two years' study joined the Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet, while continuing classes at the School. Joined Royal Ballet II in August, 1957, and was appointed soloist in 1958.

Creations: Young Lover in The Burrow; *(for Sunday Ballet Club) Dancer in* First Impression. *Rôles: Leading Wilis in* Giselle; *Dawn in* Coppélia; Pas de Trois *in* Swan Lake; *Tarantella in* Veneziana; Pas de Trois *in* La Fête Etrange; *Heaton rôle in* A Blue Rose.

EVEN if there was no other reason Lynn Seymour would stand out of the Royal Ballet's recent intake by being "quiet". At a time when nearly all the girls are inclined towards the pert ranks of the soubrette, Seymour's softer, gentler qualities are immediately discernible.

She made a hit in her first season with the company when MacMillan cast her for the adolescent, shyly awakening to love, in *The Burrow*. The tenderness of her dancing and the sincere warmth of her acting were completely right for the ballet.

Later, a pure dancing rôle in Alan Beale's *First Impression* for the Sunday Ballet Club gave London the opportunity of seeing her sense of style and bearing.

She has a rare and welcome quality of dedication towards her dancing. Even before she joined the company she was frequently to be seen standing for performances at Covent Garden — watching and learning.

DANCERS OFF DUTY

A Scrapbook in St. James's Place

Photographed by Roy Round

WHERE do dancers eat after the show and where do they go to meet other dancers if they happen to want to see them? Well, one of the places in London where dancers eventually turn up some time in their lives is Le Petit Club Français run by Olwen Vaughan. Within easy distance of most theatres, this club in a narrow street off St. James's Street has, over the years, become a meeting-place of people from the theatre, films, and particularly the ballet. Here they eat, drink, discuss, argue and relax. This scrapbook shows some of the people who have happened to be there when Roy Round also happened to have his camera with him.

FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC: A few of the many dancers from all over the world who found themselves at Le Petit Club Français. Top right are Erik Bruhn, the Danish star, talking to Lucia Chase, director of American National Ballet Theatre. Below, left, Pilar Lopez, the great Spanish dancer, is seen with John Gilpin and Anton Dolin. Below, right, members of the Royal Ballet gave a birthday party to Judith Sinclair, who is seen blowing out the candles on her cake. Surrounding her are Stella Farrance, Stanley Holden, Peter Clegg, Maryon Lane, David Blair and John Cranko.

AMERICA MEETS BRITAIN: Anton Dolin and John Gilpin gave a party for American Ballet Theatre to meet Festival Ballet. Below, left, Nora Kaye, ballerina of the American company, is seen with Michael Hogan and Joyce Lyndon of Festival Ballet. While in the picture on the right are Jean-Pierre Alban and Alicia Markova.

Ansermet's Third Petrushka

NEW RECORDS
Reviewed by DAVID HUNT

Stravinsky: *Petrushka.* L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (Ernest Ansermet). Decca LXT 5425. 12 in. 39*s.* 11½*d.*

THIS is the third time Ansermet has recorded *Petrushka* for Decca, and the result is likely to prove as useful to dealers to demonstrate hi-fi equipment as was his previous LP version, away back in 1950. The sharp definition and colourful brilliance of the reproduction is quite stunning, though Kurtz's HMV recording achieved a more natural "spread" of sound.

With the Decca, one feels the orchestra to be within touching distance, and lowering the volume does not produce the illusion of having moved to a more aurally comfortable seat further back in the concert hall — and I use the words "concert hall" advisedly.

When listening to the Kurtz performance, or the Dorati on Mercury, one is very much in the theatre, picturing the whole time in the mind's eye the colourful swirl of the crowd scenes, the events of the story being played out on the stage. Theatrical atmosphere is, however, curiously lacking from the new performance — the Suisse Romande play with splendid vitality and discipline, but there is insufficient dramatic light and shade in Ansermet's handling of the score on this occasion for the full magic to be conjured. The fairground scenes have all the glitter of Ansermet's previous recordings, but the effect is here of a generalised bustle with not enough contrast established between the various episodes.

Kurtz and Dorati both reveal a surer sense of rhythm and timing and grade the climaxes far more tellingly. Despite its superb recording, this new Decca performance is not, I am afraid, in the same class.

Giulini's Firebird

Stravinsky: *The Firebird* — Suite. Bizet: *Jeux d'Enfants* Suite. Ravel: *Mother Goose* Suite. Philharmonia Orchestra (Carlo Maria Giulini). Columbia 33CX 1518. 12 in. 41*s.* 8½*d.*

Ravel: *Mother Goose* Suite. Debussy: *Nocturnes.* L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande Ernest Ansermet). Decca LXT 5426. 12 in. 39*s.* 11½*d.*

CARLO MARIA GIULINI, the brilliant conductor of Covent Garden's lavish production of Verdi's *Don Carlos* in May, gives a performance of the *Firebird* Suite of such magical potency that, had it been of the complete ballet, there is little doubt that it would easily have superseded Ansermet's Decca version.

The Princesses' *Khorovod* is taken a little slowly perhaps, though the suggestion of the dance being performed by sleeping princesses is quite consistent with their enchanted state. The *Danse Infernale* has all the shattering impact and intensity that was missing from the Ansermet. Being of the 1919 Second Suite, the performance does not include the *Scherzo* and *Pas de Deux* which Stravinsky later incorporated in the "New Augmented" version.

Giulini's conducting of Ravel's *Mother Goose* (used by Cranko for his *Beauty and the Beast)* again shows a more penetrating imagination than Ansermet brings to his new recording. The veteran Swiss conductor, as so often, seems chiefly concerned with bringing out all the entrancing detail and delicate surface beauties of the music and, compared with Giulini's evocative reading, his account sounds oddly reticent and detached. The Decca, however, has the advantage of including the *Prelude* and *Spinning-wheel Dance* which Ravel added in 1912 when he orchestrated the original piano pieces for performance as a ballet.

SWAN LAKE: The sleeve for Decca's new record of excerpts from Swan Lake *has this attractive photograph, by Houston Rogers, of Svetlana Beriosova and John Field in the Royal Ballet production.*

Ansermet's performance of Debussy's *Nocturnes* is as meticulous as his earlier LP version, though perhaps more *pointilliste* in its clarity of outline than impressionist. Giulini's Columbia disc, containing *Jeux d'Enfants* as well as the *Mother Goose* and the *Firebird* Suites, is likely to prove the more attractive proposition for ballet music collectors, as well as being the more satisfying from the point of view of performance.

Swan Lake Excerpts

Tchaikovsky: *Swan Lake* — Highlights. London Symphony Orchestra (Anatole Fistoulari). LXT 4509. 12 in. 39*s.* 11½*d.*

FISTOULARI's two-disc *Swan Lake,* from which this single record of "highlights" has been assembled, remains a very satisfying, if slightly abridged, account of the Drigo edition of the score, to which Petipa and Ivanov choreographed the ballet as we know it. For home listening, however, I would not think of playing anything but Dorati's magnificent Mercury recording of the complete ballet as Tchaikovsky wrote it (MRL 2538-40), but this present selection should suit those who are content with excerpts.

From Act 1 we are offered the Introduction; Scene (No. 1); Waltz (No. 2); *Pas de Trois* — male variation (No. 4d); *Pas d'Action* (No. 6). From Act 2: Introduction (No. 10); Waltz (No. 13a); Odette's Solo (No. 13b); Dance of the Cygnets (No. 13d); *Pas de Deux* (No. 13e). Act 3: Opening Scene (No. 15); Waltz (No. 17); Czardas (No. 20); Spanish Dance (No. 21); Mazurka (No. 23). Act 4: Dance of the Cygnets (No. 27); Finale (No. 29).

Compared with the original pressings of 1952 the recording sounds brighter, but the undernourished, rather steely string tone called for added warmth rather than brilliance. However, cutting down on the treble produces agreeable results.

Addison's Carte Blanche

Addison: *Carte Blanche* — Ballet Suite. Pro Arte Orchestra (John Addison). Pye CEM 36007. EP (45), 12*s.* 10½*d.*

PLAYING for 16 minutes, this little disc contains the greater part of John Addison's brightly inconsequential, witty music for Walter Gore's entertaining soufflé of a ballet, first given in 1953 by what was then the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet.

First comes the *Prelude,* to which all the characters entered and filed through the opening of the marquee depicted on Kenneth Rowell's *chic* drop curtain, while Mosaval pirouetted in the flickering fair-lights. Next comes the *Waltz* for the Hussars and their crinoline-clad partners, followed by the *Scherzo,* to which two clowns brought on the collapsible statue. Then comes the uproarious *Bacchanale,* the music to which the Satyrs and whatnot romped about the stage with the various parts of the statue.

The *Bagatelle* was a dance for two children in masks, during which the panto Pony pottered on. Then comes the *Interlude,* the accompaniment for the very Gorey joke of Stanley Holden "ringing an invisible bell while looking for something he'd never had but thought he'd lost", as Walter Gore explained it to me at the time.

The *Romanza* provided the evocative accompaniment for the lovers' *pas de deux,* danced by Margaret Hill and David Poole, which was broken into by the arrival of Mosaval (the xylophone) announcing that the party was over. To the *Postlude* the ballet ended as it had begun with the characters coming out through the marquee opening.

The Pro Arte Orchestra under the composer gives an extremely enjoyable account of this diverting music and the recording is of top quality.

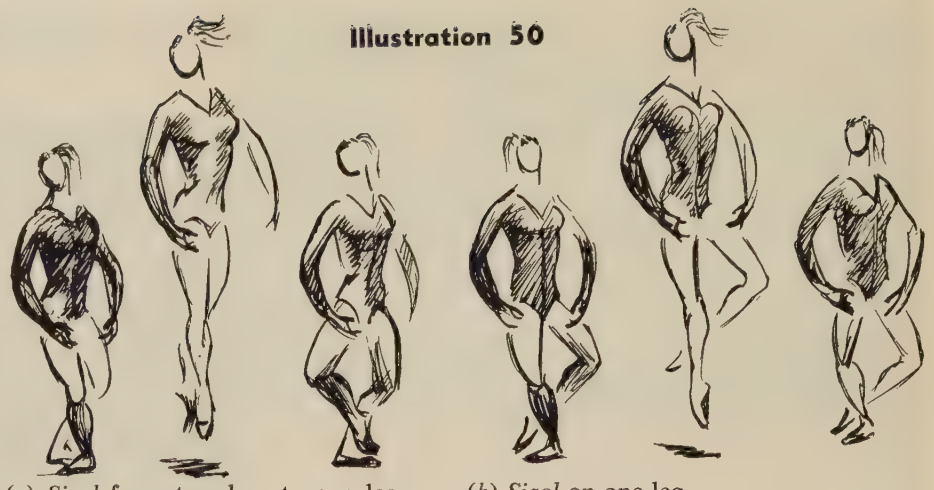
STEPS OF THE DANCE 32

by

BARBARA VERNON and JOHN GREGORY

Illustrated by EILEAN PEARCEY

Illustration 50



(*a*) *Sisol* from two legs to one leg

(*b*) *Sisol* on one leg

SISOL or **SISSONNE :** This is the name of a very large family of steps which basically is what we would call a hop. It is a small but well-sprung jump from two legs landing on one leg; or from one leg to land again on the same leg. The *Sisol* should have a soft, light quality; from the *plié* in 5th position, or from one leg with the other leg in the *cou de pied* position, a strong push is taken, so that in the air the supporting leg will be fully stretched beneath the body. The landing must be smooth and controlled. Madame Karsavina uses the word "alighting", which well suggests the graceful coming to earth that is required.

Sisol develops *ballon*; it has also a very useful purpose as a linking step in one or other of its various forms, and can bring great variety to *Allegro* enchaînements. We should take care never to perform it jerkily, but always to obtain the maximum "squeeze" in every landing. Without *ballon* a *Sisol* is dry and worthless . . . and painful to the eye.

SISOL SUR COU DE PIED : A straight upwards jump from two legs in 5th position *en plié*, both legs stretching in the air. As the landing is made on one leg, the other leg is picked up to *cou de pied* front or back. The arms are in the 1st position; they may be lifted to 4th position, or 3rd position, or various.

SISOL ON ONE LEG : In which the push from the floor is taken entirely from one leg *en plié*, and landing again on the same leg *en plié*, while the other leg is held throughout in the *cou de pied* position front or back. It is fundamentally a straight upwards jump, but may travel slightly in the direction of the supporting leg. Arms in the 1st position, or various (see illustrations).

SISOL OUVERTE : From 5th position *en plié* both legs push from the floor; the body travels in the direction of the leg which is to become the supporting leg; in the air this leg is stretched straight beneath the body; the other leg opening straight. or with *petit developpé* to an extended position *en l'air*. After landing on supporting leg *en plié*, the working leg remains *en l'air* maintained at the height to which it opened. With the jump the arms open from 1st position to related positions according to the rules for arms, as described in previous steps of *Allegro* (see illustrations).

I shall not describe the *Sisol Ouverte* to the different positions as these are basically the same as described for other steps of *Allegro*, and should be understood and absorbed by now. One guiding factor which will help to ensure correct positions is that in whichever direction the *sisol* travels the shoulders are square to the direction of travel; except in *Sisol* to the side in which the body is *en face*. Shoulders should never be tipped or out of alignment.

SISOL FERME : The jump is made from 5th position *en plié* and travels towards the leg which alights first. In the air the leg which will become the supporting leg is

Continued on opposite page

(*c*) *Sisol ouverte en arabesque* forward

(*d*) *Sisol ouverte en effacé* back

(*e*) *Sisol tombé* (described in article 34)

(*f*) *Sisol fermé* to the side

BALLET PERSPECTIVES: *Daphnis and Chloë*

Continued from page 17

In 1928 the Bakst scenery for the first scene was used as a setting for the Balanchine/Kochno ballet *The Gods Go a'Begging.*

Despite Fokine's obvious attachment to *Daphnis and Chloë,* the choreographer did not seize every available opportunity of mounting the work in the outside world. Possibly he was deterred by the formidable demands it made on both dancers and orchestra, or perhaps he was simply discouraged by the run of bad luck the ballet seemed to trail in its wake. However in 1921 he was prevailed upon to mount it for the Paris Opéra, the first performance taking place on June 20. The work remained in the repertoire for many years, and was last seen in Paris as recently as 1949. (Serge Lifar is now, at time of writing, engaged on choreographing a new version of the ballet for the Opéra.)

In looking more closely at the ballet itself it is convenient to begin with the scenario. Cyril Beaumont has, on more than one occasion, expressed the view that: "The theme of *Daphnis and Chloë* is the same as that originally written by Fokine in 1904, which it will be remembered was in two acts. The present ballet consisted of the first act only, which falls into three scenes. The second act was never finished, nor has the music been written for it." This view has now been generally accepted, and the legend of Ravel's "unwritten music" occasionally crops up in concert programme notes.

However, this assumption of the unaltered scenario is perhaps a little hasty. After all, the scenario as produced is quite clearly self-sufficient, and would hardly permit a sequel. Furthermore, we know that both Ravel and Bakst brought their own very clearly defined ideas to the ballet, and Ravel, at least, quite definitely was able to make changes in the scenario. In these circumstances, although the "book" is credited to Fokine in the programme, allowing for the Diaghilev company's familiar vagueness on these points, it seems more than likely that the scenario was at best a collaboration or at a more likely worst a compromise between Fokine, Ravel and possibly Bakst.

Whoever was responsible for the scenario, however, it is immediately evident to any reader of Longus that its connection with the original novel is somewhat flimsy. The principal, and indeed unavoidable, point of divergence is that whereas the ballet is exclusively concerned with action, the novel delves, with a good deal of insight, into the psychological processes of love. The ballet presents the familiarly "romantic" spectacle of a boy losing his girl and having her restored by the intervention of a pagan deity. The novel, on the other hand, was a lightly humorous commentary on two young lovers discovering for themselves, with considerable difficulty, those facts of life which are usually regarded as requiring no qualifying adjective. The adventures of Dorcon's challenge and Chloë's capture, which are minor incidentals in the novel, are made the principal props of the ballet. Moreover, the half-satirical, half-whimsical humour of the original has been lost in the stage version. Finally, the character of Lykanion — who in the novel acts as the naïve Daphnis's mistress in the arts of love — becomes an almost irrelevant character in the ballet, a vestigial holdover from the earlier story.

Yet even when these criticisms have been voiced, the scenario is still a moderately good pastoral theme for a ballet, notwithstanding that its hero is neither heroic, nor humorous, but merely ineffectual.

Fokine's choreography has now disappeared, but it is well worth quoting Karsavina's assessment of its worth, given years later in the magazine *Ballet*. "*Daphnis and Chloë,* in spite of a certain sketchiness in the last act, due to the pressure under which Fokine worked (he only finished Nijinsky's and my final dance on the morning of the performance), was to my mind, his masterpiece. In it Fokine explored to the full the recesses of neo-Greek choreography as originally revived by Isadora Duncan."

The question of the influence of Duncan on Fokine has always been a vexed one. In *Balletomania,* Arnold Haskell quotes an extremely rewarding interview with Fokine, in the course of which the choreographer says: "The resemblance is only in *Daphnis and Chloë, Narcisse,* and the bachannals from *Tannhäuser* and *Cléopâtra,* and this is because our sources were the same, the same vases and sarcophagi in the same museums. The similarity there only lies in the static, the design of the poses; the differences are far greater. Her dance is free, mine stylised, and my movements are mechanically highly complex." Fokine might also have pointed out, with some justice, that although Duncan did not appear in Russia until 1905, he had made preparations for *Daphnis and Chloë* a year earlier.

The same answer that Fokine gave to the charge of "Duncanism" could possibly also be given to those, notably Serge Lifar, who have pointed out the similarity in conception between *Daphnis and Chloë* and *Prélude à l'Après Midi d'un Faune.* Here, incidentally, Lifar makes a likely point when he mentions the influence of Bakst on both choreographers. But to imply, as Lifar rather cleverly does, that much of the credit for Fokine's choreography belongs to Bakst, is to stretch the meaning of influence to absurdity.

Bakst's own designs for *Daphnis and Chloë* do not appear, judging from illustrations, to have been among his best. It was perhaps unfortunate that the designer approached the theme from such a different viewpoint from that taken up by Ravel. Bakst apparently saw the ballet in terms of archaic Greece, the true Greece of the islands. Ravel took a quite contrary view, saying, in a much-quoted passage from his autobiographical sketch: "My aim in writing it was to compose a vast musical fresco, and to be not so much careful about archaic details as loyal to my visionary Greece, which is fairly close to the Greece imagined and depicted by French painters at the end of the 18th century."

Whatever was the Greece Ravel had in mind, there can be no doubt that his contribution to the ballet was one of the finest of all ballet scores to be written since Tchaikovsky, and in a sense worthy of comparison with the best of Stravinsky. But unlike both of those great Russians, Ravel was not entirely successful in adapting himself to his medium, and it must be admitted that his sumptuous music provides many problems to choreographers and dancers alike.

In her autobiography *Theatre Street,* Karsavina gives a delightful vignette of Ravel, saying, "obligingly he would come to my help in the difficult rhythmic passages of his score". But later dancers have not been so fortunate. Also Ravel shows very little sense of "timing" in his ballet, appearing to have a very hazy conception of the physical limitations of the human body, expecting it to dance on and on quite tirelessly.

As long ago as 1917, Jean Marnold, writing in the *Mercure de France,* took up Ravel's own description of the piece as a *symphonie chorégraphique,* and called it a "musical drama which offers the coherence and unity of a vast symphony. All of this music holds itself together and lives its own autonomous existence."

Certainly the score with all its qualities and pitfalls provided a challenge to choreographers after Fokine's version had lapsed from the general repertoire. But this was a sleeping beauty with formidable sentinels standing guard at its gates, only too ready to jump on the unwary, and it seemed for years as if Ravel's ballet was to be pensioned off — in two suites — to the concert hall. Yet in 1951 someone came along, brave enough and strong enough to make the attempt of awakening the beauty.

(To be continued next month)

STEPS OF THE DANCE

Continued from opposite page

completely stretched beneath the body; the other leg opening to extended position *en l'air* in the opposite direction to which the body is travelling. With the landing on supporting leg, the extended leg immediately closes 5th position *en plié.* May travel in all directions.

SISOL PASSE FERME: From 5th position *en plié* a straight upwards jump; in air one leg is picked up with stretched instep to the height of the other knee, tip of toe travelling close to shin or calf. After landing on supporting leg *en plié,* the working leg closes immediately after in the 5th position. In this step the 5th position changes; front leg becomes back, or vice versa.

EXAMPLES OF ALLEGRO ENCHAINEMENTS INCORPORATING SISOLS

	Counts
(1) *Glissade derrière*	And 1,
Sisol on front leg; back leg *cou de pied*	„ 2,
Glissade derrière	„ 3,
Assemblé dessus	„ 4.
Repeat on other side.	
(2) *2 Glissades derrières*	„ 1 and 2,
Assemble dessus	„ 3,
2 *Sisols fermés* to the side, back leg closing 5th position in front	„ 4 „ 5.
Repeat on other side.	
(3) *Glissade devant*	„ 1,
Assemblé dessous	„ 2,
Sisol ouverte on back leg, extending front leg *à la seconde*	„ 3,
Pas de Bourrée dessous	„ 4.
Repeat on other side.	
(4) *Glissade derrière*	„ 1,
2 *Jetés derrières*	„ 2 „ 3,
Sisol on front leg; back leg *cou de pied*	„ 4.
Repeat same way *en diagonal.*	
(5) *Sisol fermé en arabesque*	„ 1,
Sisol ouverte en arabesque	„ 2,
Pas de bourrée dessous	„ 3,
2 *Changements de pieds*	„ 4.
Repeat on other side.	

Edinburgh Preview

"WE hope to be able to present the sort of ballets which larger companies have neither the time nor money to attempt," was how Michael Frostick summed up his Ballet Premières which will be ballet's main offering at this year's Edinburgh Festival. This super form of a Ballet Workshop was first discussed by Frostick and Robert Ponsonby, Artistic Director of the Festival, way back in the early months of last year.

Since then, after an endless series of meetings and conferences during which those principally concerned have flown around Europe, the whole admirable project has found shape. The first king-pins, around whom the project mainly revolves, are dance director Peggy Van Praagh and musical director Charles Mackerras. With regard to enlisting the twelve choreographers who are to mount new works at the Festival, the main burden has fallen on Frostick and Van Praagh. The list, which originally started off by being the most formidable collection of choreographers ever gathered together, has, owing to the impossibility of many of those invited being able to be in Edinburgh at that time, been whittled down to a collection that is no less interesting though possibly not so studded with international names. It still amounts to the first workshop conceived on an international scale.

The principal choreographers from overseas, at the moment of writing, are Birgit Cullberg from Sweden, George Skibine from France, John Taras from America, Dmitri Parlic from Yugoslavia, Bjorn Holmgren from Sweden. Then there is a group of British choreographers working abroad consisting of Walter Gore from Frankfurt, Alan Carter from Munich and Deryk Mendel from Paris. Of those whose main work has been done in Britain there are Andrée Howard, John Cranko and Wendy Toye. While there is still a dance drama, *Dress Rehearsal,* by Patrick Terry, which was to have been created by Margareta Wallmann, but who has since had to cry-off, though it will still be done, possibly by a British choreographer.

Having got this collection together, Frostick and Van Praagh had to try and get out of them what they were going to do. The result is as follows: Birgit Cullberg's *Circle of Love* has music by Hilding Hallnas and uses the resident company. Skibine's *Les Facheuses Rencontres* has designs by Alwyne and a score by Maurice Jarre and will be danced by Marjorie Tall-Chief, Skibine and David Poole. Taras's *Octet — A Study for Eight Dancers,* has a score by David Wooldridge and will be danced by Henning Kronstam and Kirsten Simone. Holmgren's *Midsummer Vigil* uses a Hugo Alfven score, is danced by himself and Elsa Marianne Von Rosen. Dmitri Parlic's *Dreams* will be danced by the resident company to a score of Alban Berg and designs by Ristitch. Walter Gore's *The Night and Silence,* to Bach music and Ronald Wilson designs, will be danced by Gore and Paula Hinton. Alan Carter has done the choreography and designs for his *Changement de Pied,* to Frank Martin music, and Heino Hallhuber and Natacha Trofimova are in the principal rôles. Françoise and Dominic will dance in Deryk Mendel's *The Seventh Sacrament* to Guy Morançon music. At the moment it is uncertain who is dancing in Howard's *La Belle Dame sans Merci,* with Alexander Goehr music, and with designs by Howard herself. John Cranko's ballet is still untitled but it is to Poulenc music and Tony Walton designs and has Henning Kronstam as the principal male dancer. Wendy Toye's *Concerto for Dancers* has a score by Joseph Horowitz and will be danced by Beryl Kaye, Paddy Stone and Irving Davies.

In addition to the dancers already mentioned there will be a resident company of fourteen — eight girls and six boys — who have been hand-picked. They will dance in *corps* and solo rôles and become part of the permanent company which will eventually tour Europe, when some of them will dance principal rôles.

The idea of the directors is that the company shall keep together and that new ballets shall be added, possibly with works choreographed by leading choreographers from the various countries the company visits. Thus by next year the six least successful of the first twelve will be replaced by six new creations.

As will be seen, many of the works have new scores, and this fact should provide added interest to the season. The designs are purposely being kept simple, but this does not mean that they need be any less interesting, and the ballets should provide ample scope for ingenuity because it should never be forgotten that the late Christian Bérard once created a masterpiece of designing with black curtains, a few poles and some red calico, in Petit's *Les Forains.*

Altogether this new venture makes the most constructive contribution to the art of ballet since these festivals first started in Edinburgh, and it is doing something that can only be done by festivals.

Dance and Dancers . . .

DANCERS OF PROMISE: The season which the Royal Ballet is just finishing at Covent Garden, if not interesting from a creative point of view, has shown the company in good dancing form and also started to reveal several dancers who may be prominent tomorrow. Among the boys, David Drew has been noticed on many occasions for his virile personality and fine line. Unfortunately he is soon joining H.M. Forces. Of the girls, Georgina Parkinson has stood out in the corps de ballet *for her beauty and for other technical qualities which show great promise for the future. Both are seen here in MacMillan's* Solitaire.

Photo: Roy Round.

. . . AT HOME

THE ROYAL BALLET (I)
at Covent Garden

WHEN the curtain rose on *Les Sylphides* on May 8, there was an unfamiliar face in the centre group of principals. As I never read programmes before the ballet, and as it is too dark to read during the performance, I was a little flummoxed. Must be one of these new girls they are trying out, I thought. Not until the dancers moved down-stage did I realise that the new girl was Margot Fonteyn. This came as a surprise to most people, and critics, who often cut the ballet preceding the one they have been invited to see, in this case a revival of *Homage to the Queen,* were also caught off-guard.

In many ways, *Les Sylphides* is not the ballet for Fonteyn, as elevation is surely essential for these airborne creatures. Fonteyn's lack of elevation was more apparent than usual when she danced the first *Mazurka.* Although the practice of shifting around the arrangement of numbers in this ballet is not one that I care for, I do feel that with an artist as great as Fonteyn she could follow the example of Markova and substitute the *Mazurka* for the *Prélude.* Its *terre à terre* nature and the fact that its performer has splendid opportunity for showing line, style and inherent artistry make the *Prélude* ideal for Fonteyn. However much we applaud Fonteyn for never shirking a responsibility and for doing what is right, it is always a pity when she is shown in anything that does not reveal her to her best advantage. When I happened to mention this to somebody they immediately replied, "But she is so wonderful on the ground". This is, of course, per-

fectly true. For beauty of line, Fonteyn has no equal amongst the ballerinas of our time.

Possibly the most satisfactory part of the whole performance was the dancing of Shirley Grahame. Ever since I was struck by her work in the *pas de trois* from the first act of *Le Lac des Cygnes* a few years ago, I have watched her progress with growing interest. In a number of small rôles, she has shown a mature quality and a sense of style. On this occasion, her *Valse* was given with romantic delicacy and a technical perfection that never stepped beyond the gentle frontier of romantic evocation.

Annette Page's *Prélude,* though immaculately danced, realised nothing of the wistful sigh which should make this miniature choreographic poem one of Fokine's most inspired creations. The same could be said of David Blair in his *Mazurka* solo. This virile dancer has yet to learn true masculine grace though he partnered Fonteyn well in the *pas de deux.*

Not having previously seen Robert Helpmann in *Petrushka,* which followed, I find I really have nothing to add to Clive Barnes's review of his performance which appeared in the last issue of *Dance and Dancers.* Even if his performance was an attempt to do something original with the rôle, I feel that Helpmann was misguided to undertake one of the most deceptively difficult of all male rôles in our time. The very foundation of it being that the performer must still be a great dancer with an innate musical sense. Without this, any perfection of mime and interpretation goes for nothing. But if the result was not distinguished, at least one can applaud the bravery of the attempt, but what it is not possible to applaud is the frightening way in which the whole Royal Ballet's performance of this masterwork has fallen to pieces since it was re-created last year. The crowd pattern has become aimless, the general production shoddy, the lighting dim and the snow-fall meagre, to say the least. Only in Leslie Edwards's Merchant, Gerd Larsen's Gypsy, and the two Stable Boys of Ray Powell and William Wilson, does the work retain even a glimmer of its magic. Deidre Dixon as the First Nursemaid and Merle Park and Doreen Wells as the two Street Dancers appeared to have not the slightest idea of what they were supposed to be doing.

Homage to the Queen was revived for the Brussels Exhibition, and the performance we saw was the 33rd to be given in the Opera House. Much as I admired the work when it was created for the occasion of the Queen's Coronation, I still think that those other 32 performances were a mistake. All those banners and the reference to the two Elizabeths look like faded decorations left too long in the rain. But no downpour could ever make costumes and scenery look so washed-out and bedraggled as do the confections of Oliver Messel. They should be scrapped and the whole ballet, which has some of Ashton's happiest invention, might then be re-worked to form a *defilé* for presenting the entire company and its stars on certain occasions — at the beginning and ending of seasons, at galas and so on.

The performance it now gets is enthusiastic rather than inspiring, and much of the impact has gone with only two of the company's ballerinas in their original parts. Both Nadia Nerina, as the Queen of the Earth, and Fonteyn, as the Queen of the Air, retained all their accustomed mastery, and they were partnered by Blair and Somes as manfully as anybody can in two such unmanly costumes. Anya Linden's Queen of the Water had little of the aqueous

LA DRYADE : *Irène Shorik and Milorad Miskovitch in the romantic ballet by Irène Lidova with Bernard Daydé designs, which will be in the repertoire of Miskovitch's Ballets 1958 de Paris during their season at the Sadler's Wells Theatre.* *Photo : Lido.*

quality which distinguished the rôle's creator, Violetta Elvin, and later Beriosova. This water section of the work used to drift and undulate like seaweed, But if Linden is no submarine deity, she gives a nicely polished performance and her recently acquired awareness of music has been one of the most gratifying features of her dancing this season. She is also lucky in her attendants, for Brian Shaw's soaring and drifting solo is still one of the highspots of the ballet, while Julia Farron still brings great distinction to her brief but excellently contrived solo. Apart from the Fonteyn-Somes Air *pas de deux,* the ballet as a whole is most complete in its underwater section.

Without Alexander Grant's variation as one of those small flames which dart about and cause forest fires to spread, the Fire element of the ballet would never ignite at all. Not even Beryl Grey, when she created the Queen of Fire, was able to do much with it, and it now falls to Annette Page to follow in her footsteps. That she made no impression at all was hardly her fault and it is only somebody with extreme grandeur who could overcome the spiky choreography and Malcolm Arnold's noisy music which, in other of the ballet's Elements, is apt and pleasing if hardly memorable.

Ashton has shortened the ballet and omitted the variation for the male consort in the Water scene. The only advantage to be gained is that we are spared a few minutes of looking at the décor.

P. W.

Exits and entrances

AFTER having been with the Royal Ballet for seventeen years, Herbert Hughes, the company's general manager, has retired. He first joined as Assistant Stage Manager in 1941 and when it moved to Covent Garden after the war he was promoted to the position of General Manager, a post he has held ever since. His quiet efficiency won him friends everywhere, and he was loved by the members of the company and by most people with whom he had to come in contact. He will be very sorely missed by everyone. The new ballet General Manager is Michael Wood, who, since the company moved to Covent Garden, has held with great dignity the position of Public Relations Officer.

The annual holiday started after the last performance of the season on June 21. When the company re-assembles towards the end of July they will be deep in rehearsals of Kenneth MacMillan's version of Stravinsky's *Agon,* which will be danced by the younger members of the company. The setting and costumes have been designed by Nicholas Georgiadis. The first night of this important new work will take place shortly after the month-long season opens on August 18.

JOHN BROOME DANCE THEATRE

At the Park Lane Theatre, on April 25, 26, 27.

THIS modern dance group of eleven dancers was formed in January this

year. According to its publicity brochure it "explores those qualities of movement which are deeply expressive and which, handled with imagination, lead to rare and meaningful dance-forms. It thus attempts to create a powerful theatre art which is at the same time fresh, beautiful and entertaining".

Whether it fulfilled any of these aims at its somewhat premature London debut is debatable — in fact, it came nowhere near reaching most of them. What are this group's possibilities? Because of various shortcomings it would be easy to come to a conclusion which, if adverse, could be premature because some good work appeared beside the bad. Moreover, the stage of this "pocket theatre" is far too small to show the company to advantage, being barely adequate for a solo performer.

The music was original and imaginatively chosen, the costumes were modest but tasteful, the masks less good, the dance patterns were pleasant and occasionally ingenious, the groups were disciplined and thoroughly rehearsed, and the dancers themselves simple and unaffected in style. The programme appears to start better than it ends. I say "appears", because due to a very limited vocabulary of movement and lack of variation in the choreography, monotony creeps in. If the items were rearranged, then I think those seen first would seem the best.

John Broome himself is responsible for all choreography. On the grounds of efficiency this can be partly excused because it is much easier for a dancer running a newly-gathered company first to produce his own works, which will probably be more or less in one style. Some of his choreography is effective and at its most pleasant on a lyrical level. But as modern dance has become the province of the serious amateur doing no more than a few classes a week, it was not surprising that at no point of the performance was any movement used which could be termed technically exciting.

Halfway through the programme the same movements began to recur with almost comic frequency: a certain sign of lack of invention or experience. A survey of the audience revealed many people yawning their heads off — the company is therefore least successful in its attempt to provide entertainment.

John Broome himself also dances in almost every work, and at the end a noisy section of the audience begged him to come forward and appear just once more. He is a competent dancer, with sensitive though not particularly expressive features, but he lacks weight and force. There is a softness about his arm movements which somehow conflicts with his modern style.

Good performances were given by Sylvia Herklots, Antonia Rumsby, Jean Cook, Juliet Byrne, Jacqueline Howe and Janet Erridge.

Too many props are used, such as sticks and candles — rather "Non-U" in this post-Freudian world. **E. C. M.**

TELEVISION

The Lady and the Fool

A condensed version given on Granada Independent Television in Chelsea at Eight **on April 29. Choreography, John Cranko.**

SVETLANA BERIOSOVA
PHILIP CHATFIELD RAY POWELL
RONALD HYND GARY BURNE
DESMOND DOYLE

OVER two years ago excerpts from this ballet were given on BBC Television, but they were confined to the two clowns, who were then Kenneth MacMillan and Johaar Mosaval. That production was most successful.

For this programme, however, an attempt was made to cram the entire ballet into a quarter of an hour. While some ballets are improved by cutting, there cannot be many that have been improved by mutilation. Changes were made. For instance, the two comedians quarrelled for the rose as an entertainment for Beriosova and her suitors, all seated in comfort. The result was so flimsily a fragment as to be nonsense.

The décor, even worse than the Covent Garden structure, was wire archways entwined with trailing foliage, giving viewers the impression that the action was set inside a birdcage.

Without the strength and elegance of Beriosova and Ray Powell's sense of the grotesque and pathetic concern with his predicament, this potted version would have been a certain disaster. Gay and blessedly free from any taint of sneering or condescension, it is baffling to see why Beriosova's cavaliers hardly ever looked at her. They stood as stiff as statues and partnered her in a spirit of deadly seriousness, as cheerful as caged animals.

E. C. M.

Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes

On Eric Robinson's Music For You, **on BBC Television on May 8.**

IT seems that we are frequently seeing Fonteyn in the *adagio* from *Le Lac des Cygnes* Act 2 on television, as often as we see Markova dancing that other swan that dies. On this occasion Fonteyn was not at her best and sometimes, very rare for her, at variance with the music. However, the second excerpt, later in the programme, saw her and Somes in the *pas de deux* from *Firebird*. This lovely passage of dancing was given in the best tradition of Russian Ballet and I have never seen either of them better on television. It was possible to see all the subtle nuance not always visible in the theatre. From now on she should confine her TV appearances to this fabulous avian creature and keep off swans. **P. W.**

Dance and Dancers . . . . ABROAD

FRANCE

THE PARIS OPERA

FOR the first time a national French company is appearing in Russia. Under an exchange system between the Bolshoi Theatre and the Paris Opéra, 110 artists and technicians left Paris on May 2 for Moscow, where they opened on June 1. Participating in this tour are Serge Lifar and Harald Lander, and the complete *corps de ballet* with its principals: Yvette Chauviré, Liane Daydé, Claude Bessy, Madeleine Lafon, Marjorie Tallchief, Christiane Vaussard and Josette Amiel; Michel Renault, Peter Van Dijk, Youly Algaroff, Max Bozzoni, George Skibine, Alexandre Kalioujny, and the leading soloists including Claire Motte and Jacqueline Rayet.

The programme consists of *Giselle* and *Divertissement*, and the following modern works: *Le Chevalier et la Damoiselle, Les Mirages, Nautéous, Les Noces Fantastiques, Phèdre, Suite en Blanc* and *Entre deux Rondes* by Lifar, Balanchine's *Palais de Cristal*, Harald Lander's *Etudes*, Skibine's *Idylle*, not forgetting Fokine's *Le Cygne*.

The Bolshoi Ballet, which began its season at the Opera on May 30 with *Giselle*, will also give three performances of *Romeo and Juliet, Le Lac des Cygnes* and *Mirandolina*, and two performances of a programme of ballet excerpts and a concert of soloists. Among these are Ulanova, Olga Lepechinskaya, Raissa Struchkova and Maya Plissetskaya (who is considered in Russia as the successor to Ulanova and who will dance the rôle of Juliet for the first time), Yuri Zhdanov, Nicolas Fadeyechev, Yuri Kondratov, George Farmanyants, Serge Koren, Alexander Lapauri and Alexander Radunski.

In France, in anticipation of this important tour, frenzied rehearsals were in progress at the Palais Garnier and, on May 7, three artists were re-cast in their former rôles. In Lander's *Printemps à Vienne*, Claire Motte was again given the opportunity to display her exceptional gifts, which are a rare sense of the theatre allied to technical skill and precision. This rôle, which was created by Bardin, has never been danced in such a way or so intelligently interpreted.

Claude Bessy makes a beautiful Firebird. Although the turmoil of the opening performances of *Firebird* seemed to somehow put her off her best form, she showed a promise which it is hoped she will soon fulfil. Supporting her, Youly Algaroff and Christiane Vaussard displayed once again two of their best interpretations as Prince Ivan and the Tsarevna. Also to be noted in Serge Lifar's production are a number of opportune extra touches which help to explain the action.

When tackling *Etudes*, Liane Daydé showed a forcefulness which belied her fragile appearance. A graceful sylphide, she also displayed astonishing vigour in the passages of pure virtuosity. However, with all due respect paid to the praiseworthy trouble she has taken over this performance, it must be put on record that Toni Lander's triumphantly successful rôle was hardly a suitable vehicle for her, and added nothing to her reputation.

On May 13-14, the company appeared at the Bordeaux Festival. On its return from Russia it is scheduled to appear at Granada and then at Brussels, where it plans to present *La Dame à la Licorne*, and Lifar's *Daphnis and Chloë* with Claude Bessy and Peter Van Dijk.

THE OPERA COMIQUE

ON April 25, while *Concerto* by George Skibine and André Jolivet was still being applauded, *Le Bel Indifférent* by Lifar and Cocteau, which had already been a success in the provinces, was given. This work can best be described as a feminine counterpart of *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort*, although it has neither its sharp dramatic sense nor its poetic ending. The work nevertheless breaks away from the repertoire of the Opéra Comique in an original manner and from the usual productions of Lifar. Treated in a realistic style, it uses some of the acrobatic steps now so much in fashion, and it borrows its material as much from the magazines and the telephone as from the dance. In fact, it primarily gives Claude Bessy — sheathed in black — an opportunity to speak as well as she dances. One finds it hard to understand her indifferent attitude towards the handsome profligate, Max Bozzoni, who on this occasion created an excellent interpretation.

HAIL: Dancers from the Paris Opéra meet the stars of the Bolshoi Ballet from Moscow when they arrived at Le Bourget Airport in Paris at the end of May on the first stage of their Western European tour. The Paris company then left by air for their season in Moscow. In the picture on the left can be seen: Vinogradoff (Russian Ambassador in Paris), Struchkova, Chauviré, Lepechinskaya, Michel Renault, Erlanger, Ulanova, Daydé and Ulanova's husband. In the picture on the right are close-ups of Ulanova, Renault, Lepechinskaya and Chauviré. *Photos: Lido.*

SOVIET SCHOOL IN PARIS

LEON ANLEN, the 28-year-old Polish teacher, who was recently awarded a teaching diploma by the Choreographic Institute of the Bolshoi Theatre, which is directed by Lavrovsky, Zakharov and Chatine, has arrived in Paris. As the appearance of two Moscow companies in recent years has allowed Paris enthusiasts to appreciate the special qualities of the Russian *corps de ballet*, he was received with a very live interest.

At once Russian and Freach teachers recognised these qualities to the extent of inviting him to give classes in their Paris studios. After he had given a lesson at Alice Nikitina's, French critics were invited to attend a demonstration. The quality of his pupils for the occasion — Claire Motte and Jacqueline Rayet, both *première danseuses* at the Opéra, of which they are most promising members — allowed the value of the instruction to be assessed.

While Léon Anlen appreciated the perfect physiques and the willingness and intelligence of his pupils, they soon found in him an expert guide, careful of the tiniest details — whether it be freeing a shoulder, placing the neck, supervising the choice of balance or the placement of the body. But, above all, he consistently demanded the perfect continuity of movement which must flow through the body from head to feet. Movements must be co-ordinated, the arms and wrists supple, attack must be swift and perfectly phrased. Anlen himself is admirably placed and able to demonstrate an impeccable *arabesque* — displaying in movement the elegance he lacks in repose.

First noticed at the *barre*, the differences of the two styles were accentuated in centre practice. In effect, the Soviet style places its centre of gravity lower, and puts more emphasis on the harmony of movement and the use of the shoulders than on virtuosity. Sometimes he stopped the dancers "in full flight" with a remark or a piece of advice. "Breathe in before you jump; let the air fill your lungs." The traditional *révérence* ended this demonstration, which was more beautiful in its discipline and certainly more artistic than some of the spectacles we see on the stage of contemporary ballet.

During a short conference given at Serge Lifar's Université de la Danse, Léon Anlen also gave a concise account of his programme of studies for the five years he spent in Moscow. While acknowledging an excess of dogmatism there, he also gave an account of the exceptional facilities which will be placed at the disposal of future *mâitres de ballet*. Without a doubt this linking of general culture and practical studies is far too organised and too politically orientated beyond the Iron

FAREWELL: The famous teacher, Madame Rosanne (left), died in Paris a few months ago. She first studied the dance in Moscow and came to Paris in 1921 to study with Vera Trefilova. Opening a school in the Studio Wacker in 1926 she numbered amongst her pupils some of the greatest dancers of our time, including Darsonval, Schwarz, Chauviré, Jeanmaire, Bessy and numerous others. At her funeral, some of her famous pupils carried her coffin (right) including: Algaroff, Béjart, Lacotte, Babilée, Rayne, Bozzoni and Trailine.

Photos: Erlanger.

Curtain. We, on the other hand, lack discipline too much and tend to sacrifice everything to free inspiration. Since Lucien and Noverre it is generally admitted that the choreographer must have a generous knowledge of many subjects: it is a matter of some importance that he should be given every facility and a technical apprenticeship, long and costly though this often is.

Marie-Françoise Christout.

AMERICA

The two following new works were recently premièred in New York:

EMBATTLED GARDEN

First given by the Martha Graham Dance Company at the Adelphi Theatre, New York, on April 3, 1958. Music by Carlos Surinach. Set by Isamu Noguchi. Choreography by Martha Graham. Lighting by Jean Rosenthal.

Cast

Eve ..... YURIKO
Adam ..... BERTRAM ROSS
Lilith ..... MATT TURNEY
The Stranger ..... GLEN TETLEY

Love, it has been said, does not obey the rules of love but yields to some more ancient and ruder law. The Garden of Love seems always to be threatened by the Stranger's knowledge of the world outside and by the old knowledge of those like Lilith (according to the legend, Adam's wife before Eve) who lived there first.

THIS erotic new dance work for a cast of four characters is a high comedy view of Eden which Martha Graham, as choreographer, terms The Garden of Love. It is doubtful if sex ever reared its head so high, or so brilliantly, in a modern dance work before this.

In this view of the battle of Eden it is difficult to decide the winner, but the work itself is a gem in every respect. Set to Carlos Surinach's sultry *Capriccio Espagnol,* Graham's costumes hint at a Spanish influence, as does the arrogance of movement that is inherent in the actual choreography.

Yuriko makes an enchanting Eve in a shocking pink dress while Matt Turney makes an elegant and experienced Lilith in gold silk. Both Adam (Bertram Ross) and The Stranger, who, of course, is Satan (Glen Tetley), wear high-waisted tight black trousers and nothing else.

Isamu Noguchi's setting is likewise perfect with a stylised tree as a perch for Satan, while a striped, slanted tree-form ramp, planted with a maze of supple tree-like poles, serve as a setting for Adam and Eve.

The dance interplay between this cast of four is an artist's concept of the contrast between lovers of experience and lovers of innocence, and, on whatever level one chooses to look at it, it is brilliantly fresh and original.

MISSA BREVIS

First given by the José Limón Dance Company, at the Juilliard Concert Hall, New York, on April 11, 1958. Music by Zoltán Kodály. Choreography by José Limón. Projection and costumes by Ming Cho Lee. Lighting by Thomas DeGaetani.

Kyrie ..... ENTIRE COMPANY
Gloria ..... ENTIRE COMPANY
Qui Tollis ..... JOSE LIMON
Cun Sancto Spiritu ..... MICHAEL HOLLANDER, HARLAN McCALLUM, CHESTER WOLENSKI
Credo ... BETTY JONES & ENSEMBLE
Crucifixion ..... RUTH CURRIER
Et Resurrexit ..... ENTIRE COMPANY
Sanctus ..... BETTY JONES, RUTH CURRIER, LUCY VENABLE
Benedictus ..... JOSE LIMON, BETTY JONES, RUTH CURRIER
Hosanna ..... BETTY JONES
Agnus Ite, Missa Est ENTIRE COMPANY

THIS eloquent new dance masterpiece by José Limón, which was choreographed since his return from his European tour, quite evidently was inspired by his views of people still living among bomb ruins. It is set to Zoltán Kodály's *Missa Brevis in Tempore Belli,* which is sung by a choir of twenty to organ music. It is a deeply spiritual work, though by no means ecclesiastical, and it is, in actuality, a celebration of the human spirit rising above tragedy. Because it is gentle, uncomplex and has a deep simplicity, it is also profoundly moving.

The dancers are dressed in dun coloured peasant costumes and the background is a projected view of a bombed cathedral. There are solo, duo and trio sections as well as some marvellous group sections which combine members of Limón's company with students from the Julliard School of Dance. As a dance composition this work has superb shape, structure and substance, and the group variations and figurations have been handled masterfully. Indeed, this is one of the most beautiful works yet created by José Limón. It is a credit to his stature as an artist and similar credit is due to the Juilliard School of Dance for commissioning it.

Certainly only at Juilliard could a choreographer find such a well-trained choir of voices together with an organ to accompany them. After too long an absence from New York, it is also pleasant to report that José Limón is back and dancing at the very top of his magnificent form.

MARTHA GRAHAM'S FILM

FOLLOWING almost immediately after the conclusion of Martha Graham's triumphant New York season, television station WQED, in Pittsburgh, the same organisation that commissioned her earlier film, *A Dancer's World,* has announced that it would produce a film version of her classic *Appalachian Spring.* Now being filmed, this work with its Pulitzer Prize-winning score by Aaron Copland, stars Miss Graham as well as Stuart Hodes, Bertram Ross, Matt Turney, Yuriko, Helen McGehee, Ethel Winter and members of her Company. This work will be premièred on television in conjunction with Pittsburgh's anniversary celebration and this 35 mm. film will then be made available to motion picture theatres in America and throughout the world.

SOVIET TROUPE'S TRIUMPHS

THE Moiseyev Dance Company from Moscow, which played to a standing-room only three-week engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House, has been having a like success in its cross-country tour in Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Washington, St. Louis, Cleveland and Philadelphia. Impresario Sol Hurok has arranged for four more performances of the troupe at Madison Square Garden during late June, and these, too, were sold out a month in advance at a total of $160,000. Before the troupe leaves for home, they will appear on Ed Sullivan's Sunday night, June 29, nation-wide television broadcast, when their performance will occupy the bulk of this one-hour programme.

Before the company took off on their trans-continental tour, Sol Hurok entertained at a private luncheon party at the St. Regis in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Moiseyev. Composed almost entirely of American dance leaders, the guests included Martha Graham, José Limón, Antony Tudor and George Balanchine among others. Irving Kolodin, of the *Saturday Review,* was the only member of the New York dance press on hand.

DANIEL NAGRIN'S CONCERT

SHORTLY before the deluge of dance began on Broadway, Daniel Nagrin, a serious and extremely gifted young modern dancer, presented a solo concert of his work at the YM-YWHA. Although all of us have been continuingly impressed with his maturing work in the concert field as well as his technical excellence as a leading dance soloist in such Broadway musical hits as *Annie Get Your Gun* and *Plain and Fancy,* it is quite another matter to hold the attention of a capacity audience with a solo programme. Yet this is what he did, with the very able assistance of pianist-accompanist Sylvia Marshall, and he passed this major test with flying colours. Nagrin moves superbly and with great virility and his rhythmic and dynamic style make him an especially exciting dancer to behold. Here, certainly, is a younger American male dancer with tremendous promise ahead.

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL

TED SHAWN, founder-director of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, will present an illustrious list of dancers during this summer, the festival's 26th consecutive season. Among them are Nora Kaye and Erik Bruhn, Mia Slavenska and André Eglevsky, Tania Karina and Oleg Sabline, Barbara Fallis and Royes Fernandez, the Atlantic Civic Ballet. Ted Shawn will appear as guest star in a new work by Myra Kinch and other performers include Daniel Nagrin, Jean Cébron, Mata and Hari, Ram Gopal, Geoffrey Holder, Sahomi Tachibana, from Japan; Maria Dolores Garcia, from Brazil; and the Ximenes-Vargas Spanish Ballet that appeared last year at the Sadler's Wells Theatre in London.

NO BOX OFFICE RECORDS BROKEN

FRANCOISE SAGAN's *The Broken Date,* which has not opened yet in New York as we go to press, has been having a rather dismal go of it in its American first performances at Boston and Philadelphia as far as attendance is concerned. What's more, the city censor of Boston ordered the modification of two of the controversial dance scenes in this work. Elliot Norton, writing in the *Boston Record,* claimed this work "proved to be nothing much more than a peep-show, designed by and for juvenile delinquents". After this and the London reviews, it will be interesting to see how this work fares with the New York press and public.

BALLET THEATRE'S PLANS

FIVE new ballets have been announced for American Ballet Theatre's 19th season which opens at the Metropolitan Opera House on September 16. These include *Blue Elephant,* by Broadway choreographer Peter Gennaro, with music by Luther Henderson and scenery by Oliver Smith; the American première of Birgit Cullberg's *Miss Julie,* starring Nora Kaye and Erik Bruhn, with music by Ture Rangstrom and scenery and costumes by Sven Erixon; revised and restaged versions of two works from American Ballet Theatre's 1957 Workshop season: *Paean,* with choreography by Herbert Ross, music by Ernest Chausson and costumes by John Ward as well as Kenneth MacMillan's *Journey* to music by

DANIEL NAGRIN, who recently gave a highly successful solo concert in New York. He is seen here in Spanish Dance. *Nagrin has made his name mainly as a principal dancer in successful musicals.*

GRAHAM IN A FILM : Stuart Hodes and Martha Graham in Graham's famous work, Appalachian Spring, *which a Pittsburgh television station is making into a film. Not long ago this same company commissioned another film from Graham,* A Dancer's World, *and it was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm wherever it was shown in the States.* *Photo : Arnold Eagle.*

Bela Bartok; also, *Pas de Deux-Paquita,* with choreography by Alexandra Fedorova Fokine to the Minkus music arranged by Drigo.

Alicia Markova returns as Guest Artist of this gala season and the nine principals are Nora Kaye, Erik Bruhn, John Kriza, Lupe Serrano, Violette Verdy, Scott Douglas, Ruth Ann Koesun, Michael Lland and Royes Fernandez. The soloists are Jillana Williams, Ady Addor, Sallie Wilson, Ray Barra, Enrique Martinez, Fernand Nault and Leo Duggan.

NEW BALLET COMPANY

WHAT promises to be an interesting new ballet force in the New York dance scene is the announcement of the Brooklyn Civic Ballet Company under the sponsorship of the Brooklyn Academy of Music. McKelvy Martin, Director of the Academy, reports that this company will be under the artistic direction of Alan Banks, a former member of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet, and there will also be a 1958-1959 training programme to afford beginners the opportunity to join the company when qualified.

SWEDISH BALLET FOR AMERICA

IMPRESARIO Sol Hurok has signed Sweden's Royal Ballet for an extensive tour of the United States during 1959. It is expected that this touring group will consist of at least sixty-five dancers, but it has not yet been announced whether this company will bring its recent production of *The Sleeping Beauty* to America. Nevertheless, there is strong interest in this company in America and the dance world will welcome another visit from this group's distinguished Ballet Mistress, Mary Skeaping.

IN BRIEF

MARY WIGMAN returned to Berlin after a month spent in San Francisco and Los Angeles and has announced that she will return to teach master classes in America during 1959.

PAUL DRAPER premièred three Preludes by Bach as well as *Jazz Adversary* in his late Spring solo tap dance programme at the YM-YWHA.

ZACHARY SOLOV, choreographer at the Metropolitan Opera House, is dance director for the second summer season at the Niagara Melody Fair. Wurlitzer Park, North Tonawanda, N.Y.

THE Robert Joffrey Theatre Ballet recently made one of its far-too-seldom appearances in the New York area, presenting Todd Bolender's *Whirligig* to Mozart music; Job Sanders' *Contretemps* to Gabriel Fauré's music; Robert Joffrey's *Pas des Déeses* to John Field's score; and *Le Bal* to Chabrier's music.

GENE KELLY, who has been missing from Broadway since 1941, returns in the autumn to direct the new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, *The Flower Drum Song.*

TELEVISION choreographer Ernest Flatto has been engaged as choreographer for the musical version of *Grand Hotel,* which opens on the West Coast this summer before coming to Broadway next autumn.

Arthur Todd.

What YOU Think

Letters to the Editor should be as short as possible

THE MODERNS MAY STIR

SIR: If it had been April 1, I would have believed your May Editorial was a joke. Praise be to you for your insight and courage in expressing what you did about the Modern Dance! "Just poor relations," how very true. That's how one feels whenever one meets American colleagues. Yet they would not have fared any better in our place. Your editorial should prove most challenging for the unpublicity-seeking disciples and they may even change their policy and creep out of their distant church halls. That is if you can influence architects to construct better stages in their building plans for the not-too-distant future. LILIAN HARMEL, *37 Ferncroft Avenue, London, N.W.1.*

SIR: I feel it my duty, after reading your May Editorial, to write on behalf of those creative artists who are struggling here in Britain to establish for Modern Dance an English National Theatre. As an English dancer and choreographer, I have found that there are many dancers and choreographers experimenting and struggling to achieve recognition without the help of those who profess to know something about the Modern Dance in this country.

We hear much about those great names of the Modern Dance in America, and it should never be forgotten that those artists struggled for more than thirty years to develop a natural growth and receive recognition in their own country. Here in England the Modern Dance lives unsupported in isolated groups, each afraid to recognise the growing need for a creative working theatre or give it moral support. Many books are written, but no word is mentioned of the English Modern Dancer. I feel compelled to ask why?

It is time these writers used pens and publicity to bring to the notice of the dancing world those individuals who are trying to build something here in England.

Unity is strength and strength leads to growth, and if the needs are there, which they are, then it is absolutely essential for an expressive dance theatre to fulfil the needs of the modern dancer, who is rapidly losing faith in his own country.

Most British creative dancers have had to leave their country and seek work elsewhere, and their talents are swallowed up in these foreign countries when their combined talents could have enriched the English scene. I do entreat our modern dancers to stop looking towards other countries and to give their time and energy to work together for our English way in art and in dance. HETTIE LOMAN, *Contemporary Dance Theatre, St. Bride's Institute, Fleet Street, London, E.C.*

GETTING BETTER

FROM the Lindoe Wing of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, we hear that Frederick Freed, of the famous shoe-making firm, is making a good recovery from a recent operation. He would like to thank all those who wrote to him wishing him a speedy recovery.

Ca, c'est Paris

Continued from page 10

After this it was something of a relief to turn back, on the following evening, to a story which was never intended to be anything other than a most adequate peg upon which to hang a great classical Romantic ballet. Although Markova has danced *Giselle* several times in Paris with the Marquis de Cuevas company, this was the first occasion upon which she danced it there with a British company, and Festival Ballet's production was originally created especially for her. She was also dancing with John Gilpin as her Albrecht for the first time in several years. It was possibly due to this that the first act was rather tentative. There was not a feeling of complete accord between Giselle and Albrecht. In spite of the usual perfect *pirouettes* in her variation and the telling simplicity of her whole portrayal, I felt that she was holding back.

By the second act, Markova was again the supreme artist who in our time has been equalled by nobody — I repeat, nobody — in this part of the ballet. On this evening she seemed to surpass even herself and there were moments when we were left wondering if in fact we really were seeing a disembodied creature floating around in the night air rather than a ballerina of flesh and bone approaching her fifties. For anyone to start trying to compare her with any other ballerina in this act is absurd, because she has passed that point where any comparison is possible. What she does is unique and it matters not that she may have whittled down some of the more exhausting technical complications, for her artistry is such that she has turned omissions into apt embellishments. What she does is so absolutely right that she makes other interpretations look fussy and overcrowded. She has most surely realised every moon-struck Romantic poet's dream.

I had hoped that with an acting rôle such as Gilpin now has in the *Witch Boy* his Albrecht would have matured as a result, unfortunately these hopes were not realised. He dances as only a dancer of his calibre can, he acts with his whole body and his sincerity surrounds him like an aura — but in the end he still fails to convince. His boyish good looks, so well used in other ballets, are against him in *Giselle*, and his Albrecht somehow becomes a charming adolescent playing grown-ups. It is sad to say this of somebody who has obviously gone to such pains to get to grips with a rôle, but short of remodelling his face, I cannot see any solution.

Special praise is due to Janet Overton, who danced in a manner worthy of the queen of Markova's kingdom, and whose playing and imperious gestures proved that she indeed ruled it. The *corps de ballet*, particularly in the second act, showed that mixture of discipline and understanding which is one of the many reasons why Festival Ballet has won for itself such a vast number of admirers on the mainland of the continent of Europe. It was this old ballet and its ballerina which finally thawed out the Paris audience and won for the company the great ovation it so richly deserved.

The Lady and the 'Pop' singer

Continued from page 21

thought. The same could be said of Chappell's dances — they are too casual and have a feeling of being too impromptu and, sometimes, even irrelevant. They never seem to help the story along. The Greek chorus idea which Mankowitz uses so well for Johnnie could also have been carried out in the dances. After all, it is the teen-agers and hysterical fans who have put "pop" singer Rudge where he is, and they should have been used as a hideous chorus carrying the little monster to his success like a seventh wave and then finally ditching him on the beach when their attention was eventually drawn to another singer. But none of this happened, and we were subjected to a series of conventional jive and rock 'n' roll routines. Nor has Chappell used a firm hand with the designing, because although Jocelyn Rickards has achieved some wickedly satirical costumes which for a bunch of debs also manage to be the most chic contemporary costumes we have seen in a musical since the days of Cochran, Loudon Sainthill's sets are mainly routine stuff and witless. Apart from an excellent Soho front cloth and a horrifying clinical Bond Street office-flat, the sets look as though little thought has been given to them by anybody — worse still, they look as though no money has been spent on them, which even if it were the case should never be apparent to the audience. But when all is said and done, if this is Britain's first step in the fight-back to meet the Americans on their own ground, then it is a well-measured step in the right direction and it is most certainly worthy of your attention. And if anyone should think that to directly compare it with *My Fair Lady* is unfair, then all I can say is that personally I should be very happy to be coupled with one of the finest musical shows of this century.

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET I
at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

June
21 **(M)** *The Sleeping Beauty* (Jackson, Chatfield)
21 **(E)** *The Sleeping Beauty* (Nerina, Blair)

(End of season)

The next season opens at Covent Garden on August 20. During the season Kenneth MacMillan's ballet to Stravinsky's Agon will have its première.

THE ROYAL BALLET II
at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

June
25 *Veneziana, Les Sylphides, The Burrow, Pineapple Poll*
27 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Linden, Ashbridge)
28 *A Blue Rose, Bluebird* pas de deux, *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Act 2), *Veneziana*

July
3 *Les Sylphides, The Burrow, A Blue Rose, Pineapple Poll*
7 The Opera House, Cheltenham (Festival)

FESTIVAL BALLET

June
2-14 Israel
17-22 Staatstheater, Zurich
24-29 Deutsches Theater, Munich

July
3-6 Cannes.
11-13 Festival of Nervi, Genoa
15-Sept. 13 The Royal Festival Hall London
15 *Les Sylphides* (Markova), *The Witch Boy* (London première), *Bolero 1830* (Markova), *Graduation Ball.*
16 **(M)** *Les Sylphides, Nutcracker Suite, Graduation Ball.*
16 **(E)** *Les Sylphides, The Witch Boy, Graduation Ball.*
17 *Les Sylphides, The Witch Boy, Graduation Ball.*
18 *Les Sylphides, The Witch Boy, Graduation Ball.*
19 **(M)** *Les Sylphides* (Markova), *Nutcracker Suite, Bolero 1830* (Markova), *Graduation Ball.*
19 **(E)** *Les Sylphides, The Witch Boy, Graduation Ball.*
21 *Les Sylphides, Nutcracker Suite, Graduation Ball.*
22 *Giselle* (Markova), *Symphony for Fun*
23 **(M & E)** *Swan Lake* Act 2, *Symphony for Fun, Nutcracker Suite.*
24 *Swan Lake* Act 2, *Symphony for Fun, Etudes.*
25 *Swan Lake* Act 2, *Symphony for Fun, Etudes.*
26 **(M)** *Giselle* (Markova), *Symphony for Fun.*
26 **(E)** *Giselle, Symphony for Fun.*
28 *Concerti, The Witch Boy, Graduation Ball.*
29 *Concerti, The Witch Boy, Graduation Ball*
30 **(M)** *Concerti, Napoli, Don Quixote, Swan Lake* Act 2.
30 **(E)** *Swan Lake* Act 2 (Beryl Grey).

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Concerti, Napoli, Don Quixote Grey).

31 *Les Sylphides, The Witch Boy, Napoli.*

August

1 *Les Sylphides* (Grey), *The Pas de Quatre, Variations for Four, The Black Swan* (Grey), *Symphony for Fun.*

2 **(M)** *Les Sylphides, The Pas de Quatre, Variations for Four, The Black Swan, Symphony for Fun.*

2 **(E)** *Les Sylphides* (Grey), *The Pas de Quatre, Variations for Four, The Black Swan* (Grey), *Symphony for Fun.*

4 **(M & E)** *Napoli, The Pas de Quatre, Variations for Four, Nutcracker Suite.*

5 *Swan Lake* Act 2 (Grey), *Don Quixote* (Grey), *Etudes.*

6 **(M)** *Swan Lake* Act 2 (Grey), *Don Quixote* (Grey), *The Pas de Quatre, Napoli.*

6 **(E)** *Swan Lake* Act 2, *The Pas de Quatre, Etudes.*

7 *Les Sylphides, The Witch Boy, Graduation Ball.*

8 *Les Sylphides* (Grey), *The Witch Boy, Reverie* (Grey), *Graduation Ball.*

9 **(M)** *Giselle* (Grey), *Graduation Ball.*

9 **(E)** *Giselle, Graduation Ball.*

11 *Giselle* (Grey), *Symphony for Fun.*

12 *Coppélia.*

BALLET RAMBERT

May 27-July 15 Glyndebourne Festival

22 The Baalbeck Festival, The Lebanon

31 The King's Lynn Festival, Norfolk

Aug.

11 Marlow Theatre, Canterbury.

Sept.

8 The Sadler's Wells Theatre, London (two weeks)

22 Belgrade Theatre, Coventry.

LES BALLETS 1958 DES ETOILES DE PARIS

at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, London

June

17 *La Dryade, L'Echelle, Rideau Rouge, Prométhée.*

18 *La Dryade, L'Echelle, Rideau Rouge, Prométhée.*

19 *Cache-Cache, Quatuor, L'Ecuyère, The Poet Assassinated* (World première).

20 *Cache-Cache, Quatuor, L'Ecuyère, The Poet Assassinated.*

21 **(M)** *La Dryade, L'Echelle, Rideau Rouge, Prométhée.*

21 **(E)** *Cache-Cache, Quatuor, L'Ecuyère, The Poet Assassinated.*

23 *Cache-Cache, Quatuor, L'Ecuyère, The Poet Assassinated.*

24 *Cache-Cache, Quatuor, L'Ecuyère, The Poet Assassinated.*

25 *Cache-Cache, Quatuor, L'Ecuyère, The Poet Assassinated.*

26 *La Dryade, L'Echelle, Rideau Rouge, Prométhée.*

27 *La Dryade, L'Echelle, Rideau Rouge, Prométhée.*

28 **(M)** *Cache-Cache, Quatuor, L'Ecuyère, The Poet Assassinated.*

28 **(E)** *La Dryade, L'Echelle, Rideau Rouge, Prométhée.*

BALLET IN LONDON PARKS

in Waterlow Park, Highgate Hill

June

30-July 2 Ballets Minerva.

Streatham Common, Streatham

July

3-5 Ballets Minerva.

EUROPEAN FESTIVALS

The following festivals have announced that they will present dance and ballet programmes. Full details will be given at the earliest possible date.

BRUSSELS—Festival Mondial 1958.
At the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie : June 22-July 13, The Bolshoi Theatre Ballet of Moscow. July 22, The Netherlands Ballet.
At the Palais de Beaux—Arts : July 1-24, Changwe Yetu from the Belgian Congo. July 28, Antonio Spanish Ballet. Aug. 2-6, Ukrainian Song and Dance Ensemble. Aug. 11-Sept. 6, The Moiseyev Ensemble from Moscow. Sept. 18-23, Hungarian Dance Group.
At the American Pavilion Theatre : July 2-4, American National Ballet Theatre. July -5-20, Jerome Robbins Ballet. Aug. 5-10, American National Ballet Theatre.

ZURICH—June 17-23, London's Festival Ballet in *The Nutcracker* and other ballets.

MUNICH: June 24-29, London's Festival Ballet. July 9-15, The Bolshoi Ballet.

SPOLETO—Festival of Two Worlds : June 7, 8, 13, 14, 18, 22, 27, 28, 29, The Jerome Robbins Ballet in the Teatro Nuovo. June 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17, 22, 27, 28, 29, The John Butler Chamber Ballet in Teatro Caio Melisso.

SPLIT (Yugoslavia) : July 10—Aug. 20, The Split Ballet Company.

HOLLAND (Amsterdam, The Hague)—June 15-July 15. Foreign and Dutch Ballet companies.

GRANADA—June 24, 25 Falla's *La Vida Breve* and *The Three-Cornered Hat* with Victorio de los Angeles and Antonio's Spanish Ballet. June 27-29, The Paris Opéra Ballet. July 3, 4, Antonio's Spanish Ballet.

DUBROVNIK—July 1-Aug. 31, The Belgrade Opera Ballet in *The Devil in the Village, Giselle, El Amor Brujo, La Reine des Iles* (middle of August). Ensemble of Serbian Folk Dancers (end of July). Ensemble of Croatian Folk Dancers (beginning of August). Ensemble of Macedonian Folk Dancers (end of August).

GENOA—The 4th Festival of Nervi. July 1-3, Grand Divertissement in honour of Cecchetti and Bournonville with a group from the Royal Ballet (including Svetlana Beriosova and David Blair), a group of soloists from the Royal Danish Ballet and a group from France organised by Serge Lifar. July 5, 6, Ballet from the Vienna Opera with a new creation. July 11-13, London's Festival Ballet with a creation by Paddy Stone. July 8-10, Dance Films of all Nations.

BREGENZ (Austria): July 18-August 17, The Vienna State Opera Ballet in *Sylvia* and in the opera, *The Bartered Bride* by the lake. Ballet evenings in the Guildhall including *The Nutcracker Suite* and *Hotel Sacher.*

SANTANDER—July 31st, August 1, Coros Y Danzas de Espagna. August 5-8, Antonio's Spanish Ballet. August 14-17, American National Ballet Theatre. August 26, 27, Mariemma's Spanish Dance Company.

ATHENS—August 24-September 13.

EDINBURGH — Ballet Premieres at Empire Theatre.
August 25-27, *Concerto for Dancers,* John Cranko Ballet, *The Night and the Silence, Circle of Love.*
August 28-30, *The Night and the Silence, Les Facheuses Rencontres,* John Cranko Ballet, *Octet—A Study for Eight Dancers.*
September 1-3, *Les Facheuses Rencontres, Octet—A Study for Eight Dancers, Dreams, Midsummer Vigil.*
September 4-6, *Midsummer Vigil, Dreams, The Seventh Sacrament, La Belle Dame Sans Merci.*
September 8-10, *The Seventh Sacrament, La Belle Dans Sans Merci, Dress Rehearsal, Changement de Pied.*
September 11-13, *Dress Rehearsal, Changement de Pied, Circle of Love, Concerto for Dancers.*
(For details of these ballets, see p. 28)

BERLIN—September 21-October 7, Programmes to be announced.

SEVILLE—September 21-October 7, Programmes to be announced.

NOTE : all these programmes are as complete as possible at the time of going to press. Please check with Travel Agents before buying tickets.

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Programmes for July

15 TUE	E	*Grand London Premiere* The Witch Boy Les Sylphides Bolero 1830 Graduation Ball	22 TUE	E	Giselle Symphony for Fun
			23 WED	M	SwanLake(ActII) Symphony for Fun
			23 WED	E	Nutcracker Suite
16 WED	M	Les Sylphides Nutcracker Suite Graduation Ball	24 THU	E	SwanLake(ActII) Symphony for Fun
			25 FRI	E	Etudes
16 WED	E	Les Sylphides	26 SAT	M	Giselle
17 THU	E	The Witch Boy	26 SAT	E	Symphony for Fun
18 FRI	E	Graduation Ball			
19 SAT	M	Les Sylphides Nutcracker Suite Bolero 1830 Graduation Ball	28 MON	E	Concerti
			29 TUE	E	The Witch Boy Graduation Ball
19 SAT	E	Les Sylphides The Witch Boy Graduation Ball	30 WED	M	SwanLake(ActII) Concerti: Napoli
			30 WED	E	Don Quixote
21 MON	E	Les Sylphides Nutcracker Suite Graduation Ball	31 THU	E	Les Sylphides The Witch Boy Napoli

Details of programmes to 12 August now available at Hall. Further details of programmes to end of season will be issued at the end of July.

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